HISTORY and MESSAGE of HYMNS

"In the Cross of Christ I Glory"

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Music Triumphant

History and Message of Hymns

BY

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SONG EVANGELISM, HELPFUL HINTS
ON MUSIC, THE PRINCE OF PEACE

AND

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STORIES ABOUT HYMNS

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PRELUDE

This little book is the result of years of study and research, accumulation of original material, experience and observation in teaching and travel.

The analysis or unfolding of the content of some of the hymns, in brief statements of truth involved, is intended to awaken a more significant interest in the study and interpretation of the text, thus leading to a fuller recognition of their spiritual riches and soul-winning power, so that God, the Father, may be glorified, Jesus Christ, the Son, exalted, and the Holy Spirit gain entrance into human hearts.

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OH come, let us sing unto the Lord;

Let us make a joyful noise unto the
rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with
thanksgiving;

Let us make a joyful noise unto Him
with psalms.

Oh come, let us worship and bow down:

Let us worship the Lord in the
beauty of holiness,

For He is our God.

History and Message *of* Hymns

ABIDE WITH ME

1793	Henry F. Lyte	1847
1823	W. H. Monk	1889

On the eastern coast of Devonshire, England, in the famous little seaport town of Brixham, "amid richest interminglings of balmy air and bright blue sea," this noble man, Henry Francis Lyte, lived and labored for more than twenty years. Some one has well said, "He made songs for his little ones, hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for the sufferers like himself." This, his swan song, was written under these pathetic circumstances: His health was steadily failing, and in the hope of prolonging his life his physicians advised him to leave England. Sunday morning, Sept. 5, 1847, he met with his people for the last time to administer the Communion, and speak words of farewell. The scene was indeed a solemn one. The tears of his people fell free and fast as he pleaded with them to live holy lives. During the afternoon he walked down to the sea, to be once more with the beauties of nature he loved so well. In the gathering twilight he returned to the house, went to his room and remained for some time. He rejoined his family, and

handed to a relative the hymn in its original eight stanzas. The day following he started on his journey for Italy, but when at Nice, France, his earthly pilgrimage ended. In the English burying ground, marked only by a cross, his body sleeps.

While "Abide with me" was accompanied with music adapted to it, by Dr. Lyte, yet the best known setting was given in 1861 by the English composer, W. H. Monk. Dr. Monk was thoroughly educated in music in early life. He became organist and choir director in King's College at the age of twenty-six. Later he became interested in popular musical education and entered the lecture field and established choral societies.

Pertaining to the comforting power of this hymn no doubt the words of Dr. T. L. Cuyler are the most beautiful: "During my active pastorate I often got better sermons from my people than I gave to them. I recall a most touching and sublime scene that I witnessed in the death-chamber of a noble woman who had suffered for many months from an excruciating malady. The end was drawing near. She seemed to be catching a foregleam of the glory that awaited her. With tremulous tone she began to recite Henry Lyte's matchless hymn, 'Abide with me!' One line after another was feebly repeated, until, with rapturous sweetness, she exclaimed:

'Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!'

When I came away from that room which had been as the vestibule of heaven, I understood how the 'light of eventide' could be only a flashing forth of the overwhelming glory that plays forever around the throne of God."

A soprano in one of Chicago's largest churches was thrown by accident under the wheels of a train, and hurried to the hospital in the hope of saving her life by an operation. Knowing that death was near, she whispered a message to her relatives. Then her glorious voice, a voice that had often raised the souls of devout worshipers above the things of time, floated through the operating rooms. Surgeon and nurse turned away as the dying girl sang her favorite hymn, "Abide with me!" All were in tears. The young woman's soul was in her song. At last the voice faltered and died away in a whisper, "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me." All who heard her sing felt that they had witnessed the triumphant passing over of a beautiful Christian life.

This is sometimes regarded as an evening hymn. It was never so intended. Dr. Louis F. Benson says, "This is a curious instance of the misapprehension of the true meaning of the hymn." There is no allusion in the hymn to the close of the natural day. The language is obviously metaphorical. Life is represented as but a brief day. Young nor old know its tenure. Things of earth are rapidly changing. God changes

not. But there is constant need of God's care, and he is willing to "Abide with me" in every vicissitude of life.

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

This preacher in song used Leviticus 8:35 as an incentive to this very practical hymn. It was written in 1762. "Boylston," written by Dr. Mason, has proven a worthy companion since 1832.

In Damascus, Syria, the oldest living city of the world, there is shown the traditional house of Ananias, the good. In the little chapel room above the altar is a painting representing Saul of Tarsus kneeling before the snowy-bearded disciple, whose attitude is that of laying his hands upon him in the act of blessing. For a moment, writes a witness, it seemed as if the curtains of time were drawn back, and we were beholding one of the greatest dramas of apostolic history. 'Twas a time of inspiration and consecration while we sang:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

This hymn suggests that life is a challenge to each individual soul. There is a "calling to fulfill" and "a God to glorify." This must be done in "the present age." It requires the right use of all our "powers." A realization of God's constant presence and a reliance upon His guidance is the only sure road to the life eternal.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED?

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1843	R. E. Hudson	1901

This hymn was first published in 1707 under the title, "Godly Sorrow Arising from the Sufferings of Christ." The later tune, "At the Cross," the chorus of which is said to be an old plantation melody, was written and arranged by an American gospel singer and composer, R. E. Hudson, who was a strong prohibitionist and a favorite singer in this cause. Among other familiar tunes Mr. Hudson has also written the cheering melody of Frances R. Havergal's "The Half Has Never Yet Been Told." Another oft-used chorus-tune is:

"He loves me, He loves me, He loves me this I know;
He gave Himself to die for me, Because He loves me so!"

"Love," says Dr. Drummond, "is the greatest thing in the world." And is not this "greatest thing" the very thing our sin-shadowed world most needs to-

day? "For God *so* loved." With no other word can we express more emphatically the magnanimity of this love than with the monosyllable, "s-o!"

The following story was received from Robert Cashman while he was Business Superintendent of the International Sunday School Association: In my boyhood there was a very poor family in our neighborhood, including three strong, mischievous boys who grew up practically without religious training. One of these boys died a drunkard; another has gone away; the third now lives in the same community as his parents, and is himself the father of a family of Christian children. Not long ago his oldest little girl was passing our house with a group of her young friends, and without realizing our presence, she stopped by our trees, and arranging her playmates in a class, she taught them a little song: "At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light"— My thoughts went back swiftly over the previous years. Where had she learned that song? What made this change between her family and her father's family? It was the little Sunday-school down by the railroad tracks, from which she had just come! And so the faithful Sunday-school worker is not only multiplying his or her life, but multiplying the influence of the Christ, through thousands and thousands of Sunday-schools, such as the one which has meant so much to the boys and girls of our community.

ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR

9th century	Theodulph of Orleans
17th century	Melchior Teschner

This Latin hymn was written while the author was in prison, having been incarcerated as the result of false accusations, purporting that he had been disloyal to the king. He bore his ignominy patiently, and the hymn is the fruit of his meditations upon Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. According to tradition the Bishop gained release from prison through the singing of this hymn by a trained chorus within the cloister. The king, one day passing while it was being sung, was so charmed that he ordered the Bishop's release at once.

The hymn was translated by John Mason Neale, D. D., 1818-1866.

Teschner was a Prussian musician.

These words take us, in retrospect, to our Lord's public entry into Jerusalem, on Sunday, A. D. 30, when they that went before and they that followed cried, "Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessed is the kingdom that cometh, the kingdom of our father David: Hosanna in the highest." There is also the suggestion that we offer prayer and worship, and sing in His honor sweet melodies of praise.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

1726	Edward Perronet	1792
1765	Oliver Holden	1844

This very popular hymn of crowning adoration and Christian patriotism was written probably in the year 1779, by Perronet, an English minister of devout faith and modest manner. It was through the influence of his friend Charles Wesley that Perronet became a preacher in the evangelical movement. The renowned Lady Huntingdon at one time was a patroness of his. However, because of differences of opinion pertaining to the question of separation from the Church of England, and especially because of his writing a satirical poem, "The Mitre," he lost the friendship of the "angered Countess," and the "enraged Wesleys." He went to Canterbury, where he spent his last years ministering to a little church of Dissenters. It was here that the famous hymn was written, and in these lowly surroundings he died, with a faith triumphant. His last words were a song of victory: "Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! And into His hands I commend my spirit!"

The hymn as it is used today differs very little from the original, although the stanza beginning "O that with yonder sacred throng" is the work of Dr. John Rippon, and proves itself a fitting climax to this splendid lyric.

It is an interesting coincidence that "Coronation" was written the same year of Perronet's death; also

that this tune is the only one of Holden's, and "All Hail" Perronet's only hymn, that survive.

Those visiting the historical rooms in the old State House, in Boston, may see the "little pipe organ" on which it is said Mr. Holden first played the famous tune. Oliver Holden was born in Shirley, Massachusetts, and, while a carpenter by trade, his delight in music caused him to devote much of his time to study, composition and publication. With the spirit of music his last earthly moments seemed to melt into songship eternal as he rapturously repeated: "Such beautiful themes! Such beautiful themes! But I can write no more."

In Paris an American girl lay dying in one of the hotels in that city. As the end drew near, she had some desire upon her heart which she tried vainly to express. The only word which those gathered at her bedside could distinguish, was "Bring!" At length she succeeded in saying, "Bring forth the"—and then they knew. She wanted them to sing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

While on a visit to America, one of India's missionaries thrillingly told how one day while walking on the street of a village, he spoke to a strange looking native who had come from one of the interior tribes of murderous mountaineers. He quickly decided to go to this tribe. His friends tried to turn

him aside from his purpose, believing he was going directly into needless danger. His answer was: "I must carry the message of Jesus to them."

He prepared to go, and, among other things, took with him a violin. After traveling a few days he was unexpectedly surrounded by members of the tribe and a number of spears were pointed at his heart. Instant death seemed inevitable. Quickly he drew out his violin, closed his eyes and began prayerfully to play and sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" When he came to the words, "Let every kindred, every tribe," he ventured to open his eyes. The scene had changed. No longer were the spears ready for the death thrust, but these savages stood in silent wonder and amazement, listening to a new message—the message of music, which was the commencement of many fruitful years of wonder-working power among this tribe. Music hath power. Let the Church awake and rightly use this power in her forward march to the day of His crowning.

ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR LEADS ME

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1826	Robert Lowry	1899

One day, while Fanny was meditating on the leadings of Providence, a friend came into her room and gave her ten dollars. This unexpected temporal gift awakened a train of thought that quickly formulated itself in this, one of her numerous helpful hymns.

In the realm of sacred song there is undoubtedly no other woman's name so familiar to the masses as that of Fanny Crosby. The historical thought which follows is arranged from data received from this famous hymn-writer a few years before she went

"To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty
And the sunlight never dies."

Fanny Crosby was born in Putnam County, New York, March 24, 1820. Her home was in a little valley, through which ran a small stream. Her early childhood's music was the murmur of the flowing water, and her fancy reveled in the silvery tones of brook and bird which sang to her in a language she could understand and use. She was six weeks old when her sense of sight failed. Her father died before she was twelve months old. Her mother was a noble woman and did much to train the happy disposition of her little girl. Fanny's mother lived to be ninety-one, while her great-grandmother reached the age of one hundred and three.

Throughout her life Fanny Crosby's many friends admired the beautiful contentment with which she accepted her place in life. When only eight years old she wrote:

"O what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be."

It might prove helpful to many of us should we adopt the philosophy contained in this childish effusion.

In 1847 she became a teacher in the New York Institute for the Blind. The eleven years following proved to be the developing period of her life. The darkness that was upon the face of the deep gave place to form and symmetry of intellectual expansion. Language came to her aid with a steadily increasing vocabulary. The poetic faculty, struggling for expression, found food and stimulus. Memory, intensified and strengthened, became her ready servant. In early years she committed the first five books of the Old Testament; also many of the Psalms, the Proverbs, the Book of Ruth, the Song of Solomon, and most of the New Testament. The Bible, studded with diamond texts, was a never-failing treasury, and when studying her hymns we find they abound with phrases of Scripture which easily adapt themselves to rhythmic expressions. Her real work as a hymn-writer began in 1864, in New York City, when she met W. B. Bradbury, who asked her to write a hymn. In three days she handed him the first of her more than seven thousand hymns:

> "We are going, we are going,
> To a home beyond the skies."

In 1868 this hymn was sung at Mr. Bradbury's funeral.

In 1858 Miss Crosby was married to Alexander Van Alstyne, a talented young musician, also blind. Strong in their mutual love and sympathy, together they were happy in a world they could not see. Mr.

Van Alstyne died in 1902. While young, Fanny joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its fellowship was her comfort and delight. She engaged in no doctrinal controversies, but spoke the language of Zion with saints of every nation. Fanny Crosby's "Some Day, Till Then—" came on Friday, February 12, 1915. Early in the morning she heard her blessed Lord's "Well Done," and, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," entered "The bright forever, in the summer-land of song."

ALMOST PERSUADED

1838 P. P. Bliss 1876

Mr. Brundage, a minister, once closed one of his sermons with these words: "He who is almost persuaded is almost saved, and to be almost saved is to be entirely lost." Mr. Bliss was in the audience and was so much impressed with the sentiment that his thought quickly resolved itself into this hymn of convicting and converting power, which, as Mr. Stebbins says, "is, indeed, a classic in its way." When sung from hearts beating with sympathy for the salvation of a hesitating soul, its intense pleading definitely helps to clinch the decision almost crystallized into action, into being "fully persuaded."

A song evangelist, while the guest of one of Northwestern Ohio's best families, one morning went with the daughter into the kitchen. They were singing "Almost Persuaded." After a few moments a smothered

sob was heard; then another, and looking around they saw teardrops glistening on the face of the girl who was polishing the stove. "Mary, what is the trouble?" said the evangelist as she knelt beside her. Covering her face with her apron and weeping, Mary brokenly replied: "If I only could—come—today!" Softly they resumed their singing. Before the stove was completely polished, Mary was "fully persuaded." After a little while her stove shone brightly, and her face beamed beautifully!

AMID THE TRIALS WHICH I MEET

1854 E. S. Lorenz

The origin of this pleasing song, which is freighted with so much trust and confidence in the Lord's thought and care for His believing children, is generously given by the author, Mr. Lorenz, of Dayton, Ohio, musical editor and publisher.

"Originally I wrote the music to a German translation of 'Just As I Am,' for a German song book. The melody was a very great favorite with the Germans, and I decided to supply English words for it. For a long time nothing seemed to suggest itself, but one Sunday morning, having a little leisure before going to Sunday-school, I happened to come across the song. The idea of the present hymn struck me and within ten minutes the hymn was written. I threw it in a drawer of odds and ends of manuscript. Some months later when making a book I needed a filler,

and remembered that the piece in question would exactly supply the space. The song immediately became popular and has been in use more or less ever since."

"Men grumble because God put thorns with roses; wouldn't it be better to thank God that he put roses with thorns?"

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

1483 Martin Luther 1546

Martin Luther was proficient in and a lover of music. He knew too well the power of song to permit the cause of the Reformation to weaken to any degree from want of its positive influence. He wrote heart-stirring songs and hymns and Germany voiced them. Of his thirty-seven hymns, "Ein feste Burg" is considered his masterpiece. It was probably written in 1529. The first line of this, his own sublime hymn, is inscribed on his monument in Wittenberg. Historians say that this hymn in its "boldness and sublimity" accomplished as much for the Reformation as did the translation of the Bible into the German. During all these years, since the day of its birth, it has been a rich blessing to the people of God.

In times of special trial, Luther would say to his close friend, Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm," and together they would sing it, finding much comfort in its exalted sentiment.

This great hymn is a portrayal of unbounded

faith in the protecting power and care of God over those who love and serve him. It shows an unflinching determination to stand for the truth and right, regardless of the devil's "cruel hate" and his great craft and power. There is a recognition of the fact that Satan is still "seeking whom he may devour," and that man in his own strength can not win, but that truth and justice will, by God's help, triumph, though the world be "with devils filled."

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS

1861	Jessie Brown Pounds	1921
1850	D. B. Towner	1919

It was during class hour at Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Illinois, that Dr. Towner, in speaking of this hymn, said: "I sent my music to the author of the words but gave her no suggestion as to the sentiment she should use. It seemed very difficult for her to find suitable words. She played the melody again and again. At last the word 'Anywhere' came to her, and before she left the piano the entire hymn was written."

One of the outstanding characters in the domain of sacred song is that of D. B. Towner. In 1885 he became associated with D. L. Moody and worked with him until the great evangelist's death in 1899. For seventeen years Dr. Towner was director of music in the Moody Bible Institute. He was not only a successful teacher, able choir leader and evangelistic

singer, but a recognized factor in the field of gospel hymn composition. Dr. Towner's voice was a rich barytone, full of sympathy; and those who heard him sing felt that the singer's message was an outpouring of a precious inward experience.

Dr. Towner was born at Rome, Pennsylvania, and died suddenly while conducting the music for an evangelistic campaign in Longwood, Missouri, Oct. 3, 1919.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1748	Lewis Edson	1820

In 1782 the trumpet notes of "Lenox," composed by Edson, an American, were blended with Wesley's "Arise, my soul, arise." First published in 1742, and translated into many languages, it has found a place in many hymn books, and like so many standard hymns of the Church has caused thousands to be "reconciled to God, his pardoning voice to hear."

Among other melodies Mr. Edson has to his credit "De Fleury," the setting to John Newton's "How tedious and tasteless the hours," emphasizing Acts 16: 25.

Reconciliation is the leading note in this stirring hymn. Christ's redeeming love moves the Father to pardon the guilty but contrite soul. The repentant sinner need fear no longer, for God hears, and will calm the heart of him who brings all his sins and lays them at the foot of the cross.

A missionary who spent several years in the West Indies gives this testimony of this, one of Wesley's most useful hymns in English countries: "I have a record of two hundred people, young and old, who received direct evidence of the forgiveness of their sins while singing:

"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears."

ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?

725	St. Stephen	794
1821	Henry W. Baker	1877

More than eleven hundred years ago, in the monastery at Saba, about ten miles from Jerusalem, in a "wilderness of gloom," this hymn was written by St. Stephen, the Sabaite. He entered Mar Saba at the age of ten years and remained in its gloomy isolation for sixty years. The hymn as found in modern hymnals is a translation by the master hand of John M. Neale. Though this fine lyric is the product of the "dark ages," yet "it has the dew of youth upon it."

The tune most used is "Stephanos," written by Sir H. W. Baker. He was a baronet, and vicar of Monkland.

Miss Sarah Pratt McLean, in her book, "Cape Cod Folks," gives this descriptive story:

"By and by he and George Olver struck up a song. I've been heern 'em sing it before, them two. As nigh as I calc'late, it's about findin' rest in Jesus,

and one a askin' questions, all fa'r and squar', to know the way and whether it's goin' to lead thar straight or no, and the other answerin'. And he—he was a tinkerin', 'way up on the foremast. George Olver and the rest of us was astern, and I'll hear to my dyin' day how his voice came a floatin' down to us thar—chantin'-like it was—cl'ar and fearless and slow. So he asks for findin' Jesus, ef thar's any marks to foller by; and George, he answers about them bleedin' nail-prints, and the great one in His side. So then that voice comes down agin, askin' if there's any crown, like other kings, to tell Him by; and George, he answered straight about that crown of thorns. Then says the other voice, floatin' so strong and clear, and if he given up all and follered, what should he have? What now? So George, he sings deep o' the trial and the sorrowin'. But that other voice never shook a askin', and what if he helt to Him to the end, what then should it be—what then? George Olver answers, 'Forevermore the sorrowin' ended—Death gone over.' Then he sings out, like his mind was all made up, 'And if he undertook it, would he likely be turned away?' 'And it's likelier,' George answered him, 'that heaven and earth shall pass.' So I'll hear it to my dyin' day—his voice a floatin' down to me from up above thar, askin' them questions that nobody could ever answer like so soon he answered 'em himself."

A RULER ONCE CAME TO JESUS BY NIGHT

W. T. Sleeper

1846 George C. Stebbins

During a series of meetings in Worcester, Massachusetts, conducted by Dr. Pentecost, one of his subjects was "The New Birth." One of the passages of Scripture used to enforce the truth was John 3:3-7, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born anew, he can not see the kingdom of God." Dr. Geo. C. Stebbins was the song leader. This sermon brought to his mind with special force what he had been thinking about for some time, that the truth contained in these words was fundamental in God's plan of salvation. Then it occurred to him that the words of this passage might be so arranged as to make them available for a musical setting, and that a hymn embodying the thought would be a means through which it could be made effective in soul winning. Knowing that Rev. Sleeper, one of the pastors of the city, sometimes wrote hymns, Dr. Stebbins spoke to him and told him what he had been thinking about, and asked him to write some verses on the subject. Rev. Sleeper wrote the hymn. Dr. Stebbins gave it the musical setting and the hymn was first sung at these meetings.

"The Superintendent of a boys' school was walking the street of a large city when he saw a crowd around the door at the entrance of the Y. M. C. A. Some young men standing in the doorway were singing, 'A ruler once came to Jesus by night.' The

words of the chorus brought the man to feel that he was face to face with the Lord Jesus. Accepting the invitation to the service he entered the hall, and at the close of the meeting, for the first time, he publicly acknowledged Christ as his Savior."

A Scotch lady and her companion were taking a walk in a public park. An open air meeting was in progress, which attracted their attention. While they were listening to the service this hymn was being sung. These lines,

> "A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,
> At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee,"

so impressed the lady that she was made to realize that in order to reach heaven she must be born again. The next evening she went to the meeting and gave her heart to Christ.

ASLEEP IN JESUS

1802	Margaret Mackay	1887
1816	W. B. Bradbury	1868

This is one of the most frequently used funeral hymns among all classes of American people. The inscription "Sleeping in Jesus" is carved on a tombstone in the retired burial ground at Pennycross, Devonshire, a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely green lands for which Devonshire is remarkable. The quaint aspect of this city of the dead creeps soothingly over the mind. "Sleeping in Jesus is in keeping with all around. Here is no elaborate ornamentation, no un-

sightly decay. The trim gravel walk leads to the house of prayer; itself boasting of no architectural embellishment to distinguish it. Trees planted here and there mark some favorite spot. It was a visit to this place, so quiet, so peaceful, that suggested the hymn to the author."

Mrs. Mackay was a Scotch lady and married a distinguished officer in the British army. She died in Cheltenham, England, at the age of eighty-five.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN

1637 Thomas Ken 1711

Bishop Ken, pioneer among English hymn writers, lived thirty-seven years before Isaac Watts was born.

To Bishop Ken belongs the honor of having written the greatest four lines ever given to the world of music. See page 142.

"Awake, my soul," consists of four stanzas selected from the fourteen of his "Morning" hymn. These words of religious devotion were ofttimes sung by the author to his own accompaniment on the lute. It was at the request of this "good little man," as King Charles II. called him, that Bishop Ken's body was carried to its resting place by "six of the poorest men of the parish," and buried beneath the east window of the chancel of the Frome church in Somersetshire, England. There in the early dawn-light his faithful friends stood around the grave and with deep emotion sang his beautiful "Morning" hymn.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, IN JOYFUL LAYS

1738 Samuel Medley 1799
William Caldwell

Long before the Star of the East shone over Bethlehem's cradle, the sweet singer of Israel antedated the sentiment of this hymn when he sang: "Thy loving kindness is better than life." Psalm 63:3.

This hymn of Mr. Medley's just bubbles over with the gratitude and thanksgiving which naturally comes from a healthy spirituality. Soon after his baptism Mr. Medley wrote this happy song, while visiting at the home of a friend in London, England.

The somewhat peculiar, yet full-of-joy tune, "Loving Kindness," is an American melody, published as early as 1830, and is supposed to have been written by William Caldwell, of Tennessee. All that is known of the composer is his name.

In the course of a conversation concerning various Christian denominations and their peculiar doctrines, tenets, and practices, one person remarked: "After all, it is largely a matter of kindness." At first thought this idea might be considered incorrect or inadequate, and it may require some stretch of the imagination to make the expression cover all that is really necessary. Evidently the author of this hymn attributes about all that Christ means to the soul of man to His "loving kindness." It saves us "from the lost estate." Though we often forget our Lord, He through his "loving kindness" remembers us, in life and death.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE

1702	Philip Doddridge	1751
1685	George Frederick Handel	1759

Although Dr. Doddridge, an English Congregationalist, wrote more than three hundred hymns expressing a marked variety of sentiment, his "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," which is rich in athletics for Christians, both young and old, is considered his most popular one. In his book of hymns Doddridge entitles this, "Pressing on in the Christian race." It has for its text Philippians 3: 12-14.

While Handel wrote the immortal "Messiah," an oratorio, which is the highest form of vocal composition, he also wrote a few hymns. Charles Wesley and Handel were friends. In a letter dated Sept. 14, 1826, Wesley's son Samuel wrote to his wife: "I have now found some fine hymn tunes of Handel's manufacture, and what is uncommonly fortunate, they are all set to my father's own words, so that my dear father's poetry must highly have delighted Handel." Whoever selected the melody known as "Christmas" from among the songs of the great composer, chose wisely, giving a new and longer life to both hymn and tune.

This is a bugle call to the entrant in the Christian race, the winning of which promises the award of "an immortal crown." God holds this prize. He calls us to accept it. It cannot be won without a struggle. He who enters the race becomes an object of scrutiny un-

der the eyes of a critical world. There is a warning against looking back, and a fervent urge to press onward.

AWAY IN A MANGER

1483 Martin Luther 1546

One would scarcely imagine that "Away in a Manger" and "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" could have come from the same mind. There is quite a contrast. But, while Luther was strong and stern and full of energy and determination, he had a heart as tender as a child's. It is said that his home life was very happy, with his loving and dutiful wife and five children.

Luther's "Cradle Hymn" gives a very realistic word picture of the Nativity. Here we see the stable, with the cattle, the hay, the wondering shepherds, Joseph, the guardian of the family, standing close by Mary, and "The little Lord Jesus," cradled in the manger which was not too small for the King of kings.

Probably no other place in sacred story is such a sweet little wonder world to the child-mind as Bethlehem of Judea. Travelers to the ancient city are shown the traditional place where the Christ-child first looked into the wondrous, love-lit eyes of his mother, a woman who understood, as from her lowly place in the khan she listened to the music of the angel choir as it floated o'er the hills and plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1788	Frederick M. Venua	1872

The original hymn consisted of six stanzas and began thus:

> "Nations attend before his throne,
> With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

In 1741 John Wesley substituted more satisfactory words for different parts of the hymn, and as another has said, "giving a noble completeness to the hymn, opening it with a majesty suitable to its continued swell and preparing us for that sublime close which leaves the devout multitude rapt before God in solemn joy."

This version of the One Hundredth Psalm has been pronounced one of the grandest of all thanksgiving psalms.

BEHOLD THE GLORIES OF THE LAMB

1674	Isaac Watts	1748

Isaac Watts was not only world-famed as a writer of hymns, but to the constituency of the Christian Church he is indisputably known as the "Father of hymnology." For more than two hundred years his style of hymn has been followed as the ideal model. It is said that when he was but a child he was incessantly making verses and rhymes: so much so that his

father, though not uncultured, and a deacon in the Independent Church, sometimes became impatient with him. Tradition tells us that when he was in his eighteenth year, one Sunday morning on his way home from church, he complained to his father that the old hymns which had been sung so long were "crabbed" and "untuneful." His father's reply was, "Then give us something better, young man." So this, his first hymn, was used at the following Sunday service, where it was gladly received by the worshipers.

From this beginning he continued to write "noble songs" for the church. At the end of his twenty-fourth year he had written two hundred and fifty-four hymns, and at the same time was preparing himself for the ministry. In 1702 he was ordained pastor of a London church, this early record showing his deep piety and poetic scholarship. While ill health caused him to retire from an active ministry, yet during the years of his affliction he could not be idle. Dr. Watts wrote between seven and eight hundred hymns, a treatise on logic, a work on The Improvement of the Mind, an Introduction to the Study of Astronomy, and versified the Psalms. The world's great hymn-writer died at the beautiful home of a friend, where he had been the beloved guest for thirty-six years.

The main thought in this first hymn of Watts' is the exaltation of Jesus. The singer, with spiritual vision, beholds the precious Savior "Amid the Father's throne," surrounded by the glories which he left to become "the propitiation for our sins." He is

worthy of new honors, every day, and endless praise and blessing. His sacrifice secures our redemption—the possibility of our enjoying the heavenly mansions which He has gone to prepare for us.

BEULAH LAND

Edgar Page Stites

1837 John R. Sweney 1899

"I've reached the land of corn and wine" was written by Mr. Stites, who was a ship builder and a cousin of the hymnist Eliza E. Hewitt, author of "Will there be any stars in my crown?" It was first sung at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. The hymn is based on Isaiah 35:10, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." The music was composed by John R. Sweney, who has contributed largely to the advancement of sacred music. Very appropriately was this hymn sung by Ira D. Sankey at the funeral of Mr. Sweney in West Chester, Pennsylvania.

This story for children is told of two little Ohio girls: While yet too young to attend public school, the father who was a teacher would sometimes take them with him to spend the day. He always opened the day's session by having the entire school engage in singing. It was upon one of these occasions that "Beulah Land" was selected. Everybody started to sing, the sisters using one book, singing alto and soprano. But soon after the first chorus had been sung somehow the volume had unexpectedly decreased, and

the little girls found themselves singing alone! "What's wrong? Why don't you sing?" laughingly asked their teacher. One of the older pupils replied: "We cannot. We want to hear the little girls sing. They sing different." And so singing "different" they finished the song alone, much to the satisfaction of the school, the wonderment of themselves and the amusement of their father.

BLESSED ASSURANCE

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1839	Mrs. Joseph Fairfield Knapp	1908

As to the origin of this, one of the enduring songs that speak comfort to the soul, we quote from the beloved author, who wrote nearly eight thousand hymns and many secular poems. "In the year 1873 I wrote 'Blessed Assurance.' My friend, Mrs. Knapp, composed a melody and played it over to me two or three times on the piano. She then asked me what it said, and I replied:

> "'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
> O what a foretaste of glory divine!'"

Mrs. Knapp was an American lady of wealth and talent, who devoted much of her time to Christian activities. She published no fewer than five hundred of her gospel songs, and a number of them were translated into various languages. In her beautiful suite of rooms in New York City there was built at that time the world's largest organ for use in a private home.

The "Blessed assurance" of the soul-purchasing power of the blood of Christ, effective in one's own life, brings "a foretaste of glory divine,"—a foregleam of heaven. And oh! "Visions of rapture," "perfect delight," "rest," "Angels descending!" These are unfailing concomitants of "Perfect submission." And the only soul-satisfying thing one can do under such circumstances is to praise the Savior all the day long in story and song.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

1740	John Fawcett	1817
1768	J. George Nageli	1836

The parish at Wainsgate, England, in which this devoted minister and family lived, was very poor. But here for a number of years he mingled and labored with his people, sharing their joys and sorrows. Finally it was thought best that the good man should accept a call to a larger church in London, where he would obtain better support. Moving day came. The little congregation gathered at the house to bid a last farewell, but when the moment for parting came, they found their love was too strong to be thus separated. Looking at her husband Mrs. Fawcett said: "John, I can not bear this!" "Nor I either," said John, "nor will I go! Unload the wagons and put everything in its old place." The people cried for joy. His letter of acceptance to the city church was recalled; they resumed their work of love and in commemoration of

this event there came from the heart of Fawcett this, his one living hymn which has immortalized his name.

Nageli, the composer of the companion tune "Dennis," was a Swiss music publisher.

Christian fellowship is the prevailing thought in this beautiful hymn. Paul's exhortation, "Be of the same mind one to another," is the burden of the first verse, as is also the suggestion of the cord of Christian love which binds the hearts of those who love the Lord. Christian sympathy and helpfulness contribute to the enjoyment of life. And, above all, such a life of mutual burden-bearing and sympathy is typical and suggestive of the bliss of heaven, which is awaiting the faithful.

Francis B. Reeves speaks of this as "a blessed hymn that has been sung by millions of voices for more than a century, and that will not fade away until 'Rolling years shall cease to move.'"

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE

1841	Mary A. Lathbury	1913
1826	William Sherwin	1888

This favorite little lyric was intended as a "Study Song" for the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." Miss Lathbury was a native of New York State. She was connected with the Chautauqua movement for many years. Her work was so highly appreciated that she was made poet-laureate of Chautauqua. Dr. Vincent says of her: "She lived in the

spiritual world, recognized the beautiful harmonies between the realm of matter and that of spirit, not failing to interpret the one in the light of the other. She had visions, deep, subjective experiences, was in constant communion with heaven, knew the deepest, sweetest feelings of a spirit that had with closed eyes looked into the very face of the invisible God."

Mr. Sherwin's music is admirably adapted to this hymn, and is appreciated by both children and adults. He was associated with Dr. Vincent in the early history of the Chautauqua movement, having charge of the music department. He was a thorough musician, a fine singer and a director of congregational singing of rare ability.

These words portray the heart-yearnings of the seeker for the truth. The soul longs for the "bread of life." Christ is recognized as the "Living Word," of which these words of the "sacred page" are the symbols. In the second verse is an expression of faith founded on the words of Jesus as recorded in John 8: 32, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." In the third verse is the plea for guidance in the struggles for true discipleship. If all men should become possessed with a yearning to follow in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee, peace would immediately become universal.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

1783	Reginald Heber	1826
1819	I. B. Woodbury	1858

Bishop Heber teaches, in a very beautiful way, both the usefulness and brevity of this life, by first viewing the lily in its dress of lovely growth, and then pictures how, according to nature's law, this lily must "shortly fade away"; but in this time of death he pleads with the Creator "To keep us for his own," claiming the promise—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Mr. Woodbury, an American composer, was at one time editor of the *Pioneer* and the *Musical Review*. It seems paradoxical that a tune like "Siloam," with its sweet, melodic beauty, should have been written during a storm on the ocean. It is a striking illustration of "tranquil thought in terrible tumult."

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD WE SING

1813	Samuel Wolcott	1886
1716	Felice Giardini	1796

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Ohio, in Cleveland, there was suspended over the pulpit this motto, in evergreen lettering: "Christ for the World and the World for Christ." Samuel Wolcott, a Congregational minister, and pastor of one of the city churches, was present. He was especially attracted by this motto. As he pondered these words, walking the streets on his way home, they

shaped themselves into this stirring hymn. Had he been an habitual hymn writer it would have been no surprising occurrence for him to put his impressions into verse. But he says he never put two lines together until he was fifty years old. At this time he was fifty-six and seventeen years later he had written over two hundred songs and hymns. Two years were spent by Dr. Wolcott as a missionary in Syria.

Full of the missionary spirit, this hymn contains these thoughts: The world's need of Christ, the Christian's desire to win the world to Christ, and that the Christ life presupposes cross-bearing.

COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL

13th century	St. Bonaventura	
1763	Portogallo	1830

"Adeste Fideles" is a Latin poem of doubtful origin, both as to when and by whom written. Historians place the time as early as the thirteenth, and as late as the seventeenth century. However, the Christian church is united on the point that she is the richer because of this ancient Christmas contribution to her mammoth library of wondrous hymns. Edward Caswell (1814-1878) begins the first line with his literal version, "Come hither, ye faithful," while Frederick Oakeley (1808-1880) gives his first line translation, "O come, all ye faithful."

Portogallo, supposed author of the tune, "Portuguese Hymn," was a musican and composer, and was made chapel-master to the King of Portugal.

COME THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

1735	Robert Robinson	1790
1792	John Wyeth	1858

Robert was born of English parents of little means, and left fatherless when but a child. His mother arranged for her son to learn the trade of barber and hairdresser. While in this employment he attended services and became converted during the preaching of the great evangelist George Whitefield. He began to study, and became not only a hymn writer but also an ordained minister in the Methodist Church. However, he also gained a reputation for frivolous living, causing his Christian friends much concern. The hymn was written in 1758, and the history of the hymn does not seem complete without giving this oft told incident:

A lady and gentleman were traveling in a stage coach in England. The lady was studiously reading, and after some time had elapsed, she turned to the man, handed him the book and said: "May I ask your attention to this hymn and will you tell me your opinion of it?" The man obligingly glanced down at it and suddenly burst into tears. "Madam," said he, "I am the unhappy man who wrote this hymn many years ago, and I would give a thousand worlds had I them to give, could I enjoy the feelings I then had." It is said this incident of his own hymn was the means of leading him into a more serious and richer appreciation of Christian life.

Perhaps it is the hymn's sincerity, combined with

the tune's emotional inspiration, that, even after more than one hundred and fifty years of service, causes it still to hold its place as a favorite.

The theology of a hymn is not always an index to the denominational leaning of the author. Robert Robinson was by turns a Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, Independent and Socinian, and we are not told to which of these persuasions he belonged when he wrote this hymn. Nor does it matter, for the sentiments involved are in tune with the heart-burdens of any true follower of the Lord.

Thoughts that permeate this hymn are: God is the source of all blessings; the doctrine of salvation through the shed blood of Christ; "songs of loudest praise" are due our Savior, and will flow joyously from the converted heart; proneness to wander away from God, but how humanity entertains the hope, by the grace of God, "safely to arrive at home."

COME TO THE SAVIOR

1820 George F. Root 1895

How many precious souls have been persuaded to become Christians by the appeal of this invitation hymn cannot be told, but one incident related in Sankey's "Story of the Gospel Hymns"[1] indicates its value:

Evangelistic meetings were in progress. There was good interest but for a long time there had been no conversions. A certain family in the neighborhood, husband, wife and children, attended regularly but none

[1] The Sunday School Times Co., Phila., Pa.

of them had as yet confessed Christ. One day in the course of a prayer meeting held by the women they sang " Come to the Savior, make no delay. " The mother in the family referred to was present, and as they were about to engage in prayer she said, " Sing the last verse. " They sang the verse,

> " Think once again, He's with us today;
> Heed now His blest commands and obey;
> Hear now His accents tenderly say,
> Will you, my children, come? "

The words touched and mellowed her heart, and she said, " Yes, I will come. " This was the beginning of a revival which ended in the conversion of twenty-one people. This lady and all of the family were the first to respond to a call that was made a few days later.

Dr. Root, the author of these precious words and the winging melody which has carried them into many hearts, was an outstanding figure in the musical world of his day.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE

1779	Thomas Moore	1852
1740	Samuel Webbe	1816

While the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, in 1814, wrote this poem, filled with heavenly hope, yet it remained for Thomas Hastings to make of it an evangelical hymn, by changing some of the words of the stanzas, thus giving a better rhythm and accent, suit-

able for a hymn tune. Sung to Webbe's sympathetic music it has been a singing missionary bringing comfort and peace to hearts burdened with sorrow.

COME YE THAT LOVE THE LORD

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1826	Robert Lowry	1899

Some hymns are written and die. Others are written and live through centuries. Isaac Watts wrote this one and it still sings. It has been said that this author *could* have written such a hymn in a dungeon, but it came to us from out the lovely scenery of Southampton, and Dr. Watts entitled it, "Heavenly Joy on Earth." "Mortality and immortality blend their charms" in the "unfailing beauty of this vision," and the Christian Church sings this old favorite with delight and devotion. Dr. Lowry's energizing and well-harmonized melody is one that audiences enjoy singing with a loud voice!

To witness for our "Heavenly King" is the call in this song. The text is strongly missionary in that the Christian should "let his joys be known" and speak them abroad.

When properly guided, music becomes one of the sanctuary's greatest missionary agencies, and the place and dignity given music is a significant criterion of her power. As the temple in Old Jerusalem was filled with the song of the Hebrew, so today let us fill our churches with gospel music—music that rings out clear

and pure with no uncertain sound; music that soul-hungry men and women want to hear; music that will get under the burdens of the day and waft them away; music that will bring the touch of the Master's hand upon the heartstrings and tune them to the melodies of redemption!

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

1841	Mary A. Lathbury	1913
1826	W. F. Sherwin	1888

Miss Lathbury wrote this evening hymn in 1880, at the request of Dr. John H. Vincent, for the Vesper Service at Chautauqua, New York. As a child she was fond of reading, writing, picture making and illustrating her own poems. Later in life she became a valued contributor to several leading magazines. Edward Everett Hale told a Chautauqua audience that her matchless evening hymn, "Day is Dying," would be loved and sung throughout the world. W. G. Horder, a critic of hymnology, says of her: "Miss Lathbury was an artist, but deeper than the artist in her was the spiritual element."

God is a very present help and Protector, and heaven is full of His glory. God is all about us by night and by day. On earth there are lights and shadows, but he who loves the Lord is looking forward to the coming of the "Eternal Morning," when "shadows end" because the glory of God lightens the city, and "the lamp thereof is the Lamb."

DOWN LIFE'S DARK VALE WE WANDER

1838 P. P. Bliss 1876

In 1872, while Mr. Bliss was the guest of friends in New York City, one evening they talked until quite late into the night about Christ's coming. The next morning this consecrated singer went to the piano and played and sang, "Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes," which he had composed during the night because he could not sleep for thinking of the coming of his Lord, the Christ.

In 1876 Mr. and Mrs. Bliss spent Christmas at their home in Rome, Pennsylvania, and it was while on their way to Chicago to engage in song-work there, that the Ashtabula, Ohio, disaster occurred, in which they both lost their lives.

The hymns of P. P. Bliss have always been widely used. We cannot but desire a personal perfection as we hear him sing:

"More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome."

And how eagerly expectant we, too, stand upon this islet of time, peering out into the great unfathomable ocean of omnipresent Omnipotence, watching and working for

"All beauty bright and vernal, when Jesus comes,"

singing and praying—

"Oh, let my lamp be burning, when Jesus comes,
For Him my soul be yearning, when Jesus comes."

"Behold, He cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see Him."

EVENING PRAYER

1791	James Edmeston	1867
1846	George C. Stebbins	

After reading an account given by a traveler in Abyssinia, of how at night the short evening hymn of the Abyssinian, "Jesus Mahaxaroo," "Jesus, forgive us," stole sweetly through the camp, Dr. Edmeston immediately composed the hymn. This evening song of four verses is accepted as one of the richest evening hymns in the English language.

Probably the most popular musical setting has been given by Dr. George Stebbins, written for his Tremont Temple choir, Boston, in 1876.

EVEN ME

1835	Elizabeth Codner	
1816	W. B. Bradbury	1868

Mrs. Codner was the wife of an English clergyman. This hymn was not written for publication, but for the special benefit of a party of young folks over whom Mrs. Codner had been watching with anxiety and hope. One day she heard them give an account of a great revival in Ireland, which they had witnessed. Her great desire was that she might in some way help them to a realization of the personal appeal. On the

Sunday following the meeting of the young people the feelings of her heart took form in these lines. The hymn was passed on from one to another, and soon gained recognition as being a message of helpfulness. In 1861 it was published as a leaflet.

The following illustrations show the tender and sweet appeal of the words of the hymn: A young British officer, dying in India, sent his Bible home with the hymn pasted on one of the flyleaves as a memorial of his conversion. A mother, utterly abandoned to evil, upon hearing the hymn sung in one of the Presbyterian churches in New York City, was thoroughly inspired to Christian living.

Mr. Bradbury, whose tune has helped so much to speak forth the message of these lines, was born on a farm in the State of Maine. When he was fourteen years old his parents moved to Boston, Massachusetts. Here for the first time in his life he heard organ and piano music. Fortunately he had the privilege of tuition in music under Dr. Lowell Mason, who was at this time one of the leading music teachers of Boston. Later he made his home in New York City where he soon became popular as a teacher and leader in musical activities. It was through his influence that music was introduced in the public schools of that city.

ENUNCIATE DISTINCTLY

A celebrated actor was once asked this question by a minister of the gospel: "Why is it that your audiences are readily moved to tears at your recitals of

fiction, while mine listen with stolid indifference to the presentations of the most profound and important truths?" The actor's reply was: "Because, sir, I present fiction as if it were truth, while you present truth as if it were fiction."

Those who sing the gospel story should not only believe their message, but sing it so that people can understand. Always pronounce the words distinctly. The following instances of careless enunciation may prove a hint of helpfulness:

The young man who told his lady friend he had heard a beautiful song entitled, "Lift the latch gently, scrape on the door," was chagrined when he was told that the song was, "Lift the latch gently, there's crape on the door."

A college choir was invited to sing before a large gathering of temperance workers; but it was semi-amusing to the audience when they heard these words: "The *bottle,* the *bottle,* the *bottle* we'll win!"

A little girl came home from Sunday-school very much amused. When asked what she had heard, she replied, "Oh, they sang such a funny, funny song to-day. I don't know just what it was, but it was something about 'sad, sad, they bit her tail almost off!'" The mother was equally amused, and later on, asking the chorister what they had sung, learned that the words were meant to be, "Sad, sad, that bitter wail, almost but lost."

Perhaps many of us have feelings of righteous indignation similar to those of a minister who, after

listening to his choir, concluded his prayer by saying: "Lord, thou who canst understand all languages, and knowest all things, look favorably upon this choir, and what they have sung; as for me, I cannot understand a blessed word!"

FACE TO FACE

1855 Carrie E. Breck
1869 Grant Colfax Tullar

Mr. Tullar, while conducting evangelistic meetings, was entertained at the home of the pastor of the church. The lady of the house discovered that Mr. Tullar was exceedingly fond of jelly, and kept the dish replenished as frequently as the preacher saw that it was emptied. One evening, however, it was almost empty. The evangelist reluctantly passed the dish to the pastor's wife, who kindly refused, as also did her husband. Observing these courtesies the preacher remarked, "Then this is all for me."

Instantly with the passing of these words came the idea that a song could well be written on the title, "All for me," and very hurriedly he wrote out three verses and a chorus, and sketched a melody. The pastor sang it at the evening service. It was the author's purpose to brush up the song when he had more time to devote to it, but this purpose was never carried out.

The next morning the postman brought him a letter from Mrs. Frank Breck containing several poems, the first one being "Face to Face." As he started to

read the lines the tune of the night before came to mind, and Mrs. Breck's poem fitted it perfectly. Around the world they have traveled together, bringing joy and gladness to many who have found comfort in the message that there is coming a time

> "When the crooked ways are straightened
> And the dark things shall be plain,"

and in that day "His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face."

Mr. Tullar's mother died when he was two years old, leaving his father with nine children. All the children except the two-year-old boy were placed with relatives. The father, being a book agent, moved about from place to place and left the little fellow where it seemed most convenient for certain periods of time. From the time that he was six years old he was left to do the best he could alone. The adverse circumstances, privations and suffering that he endured were many and severe. He had come to the point where he had determined to commit suicide, but was rescued by a kind old gentleman. He then picked up courage and said to himself, "It is the voice of God calling me, and if He cares enough about me to send this man across my path I'll be a man." On the strength of this resolve he went to the home of his brother, who was a pastor, and in his church he was converted. He wanted to be a preacher, and after working his way through school, entered the field as an evangelist.

Mrs. Breck was born in Vermont, and was blessed

with prayerful Christian parents. She was taught to read the Bible, and at the age of thirteen became a member of the Presbyterian Church. Her verse writing began in her school days, and some of her poems were accepted by religious papers. Mr. Tullar happened to see a little verse of hers in the *Christian Herald* and asked permission to set it to music. From that time she wrote hymns with great joy.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

1814	Frederick W. Faber	1863
1821	James George Walton	1905

Frederick William Faber was of Huguenot origin and the seventh child of his parents. He had the family distinction of being born at his grandfather's vicarage in Yorkshire, England. As a boy he showed a fondness for study, which was carefully cultivated during his youth and early manhood. He was graduated from college in 1836 and in 1839 he was ordained as a presbyter in the Church of England, and spent the following four years in touring Europe. His rectorship at Elton, a place "noted for its intemperance and immorality," was unusually successful. Under his leadership "the parish grew to be as well reputed for thrift and good behavior as it had hitherto been for vice and crime."

However, in 1845 Faber united with the church of Rome. The authors of "Story of the Hymns and Tunes" say: "His hymns betray no creedal shibboleth

or doctrinal bias, but are songs for the whole earthly church of God." "Faith of our Fathers" was the favorite hymn of Fanny Crosby.

Here is suggested Christian service, spiritual courage, zeal, and deep religious experience, as well as purity of heart and tenderness of conscience. There is an expression of appreciation of the undying and triumphant faith of the followers of Christ in the early centuries, and of rejoicing because of such steadfastness. Such faith endures. Persecution cannot destroy it. Heart and conscience cannot be chained.

FILL ME NOW

1815	E. H. Stokes	1895
1837	John R. Sweney	1899

"Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit," is the first line of this author's beautiful hymn of petition, written in 1879.

One day, while Mr. Sweney was kneeling in prayer during the devotional hour at the great Ocean Grove camp meeting, he composed the sweet, simple music to which it is always sung. He said: "God seemed to speak the melody right into my heart."

FROM ALL WHO DWELL BELOW THE SKIES

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
	John Hatton	1793

This grand hymn of praise is a metrical writing of Psalm 117. It is found in Watts' "Psalter" published in 1719, and is entitled "Praise to God From All Nations."

While all that is known of the composer of "Duke Street" is the tradition that in 1793 he was killed by being accidentally thrown from a stagecoach, yet we do know that for more than a century his beautiful choral has been a blessing to the hearts of generations, and still finds a welcome in modern hymn books.

The author's thought here comprehends the world. It is a call for universal praise to God, and to Christ, the Redeemer of the world. His mercies also are eternal, and His praise shall cover the earth as long as time shall last. The poet, in imagination, hears a world chorus proclaiming "the great salvation." The predominating idea is missionary. If "To every land the strain belongs," and if it shall be so that the inhabitants "In every land begin the song," the gospel must be carried to all parts of the world. Prayer, service, and sacrifice will hasten the day when all people shall know Christ "And fill the world with loudest praise."

"In 1872, at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, some of the masterpieces of the ages were rendered by a chorus of twelve thousand trained voices and three thousand instruments. When the marvelous thrill of excitement occasioned by the arrival of President Grant on the first day had passed away, P. S. Gilmore, the organizer and leader of the chorus, received a tremendous ovation. Finally he raised the enchanter's wand in the air, and when it descended, 'A flood of song burst forth from twice ten thousand voices in the solemn strains of Old Hundred,' united to the inspiring words:

'From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise.'

The effect was complete and overwhelming."—*Hymns Historically Famous.*

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

1783	Reginald Heber	1826
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

Among the hymns of Christianity are found the noblest, grandest and most sublime expressions of the human soul. Some one has said, "It does not necessarily take a lifetime to write an immortal hymn." Outstanding in this category is this great missionary lyric, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Its familiar origin is practically the same as given by all historians. Mr. Heber, rector of Hodnet, was visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, dean of Wrexham. It was on Saturday while seated in the dean's study, each preparing a missionary sermon to be delivered the next day, that Dr. Shipley, knowing Heber's ability as a hymn-writer, suddenly requested him to write a hymn —"something appropriate for our services tomorrow." Mr. Heber retired to another part of the room and wrote three stanzas, which he then read to his father-in-law, who received it with approval. The author, however, was not satisfied, saying that the sense was not complete. He returned to his writing and gave a completeness to the hymn by adding the fourth stanza. The hymn was put in type the same day it was written

and sung from printed copies by the congregation on the following morning, Whitsunday, May 30, 1819. Heber's "Missionary Hymn" has been termed "the silver trumpet among all the rallying bugles of the church."

Reginald Heber was of English birth. He began writing verses in childhood. Entering Oxford College in 1800, the following year he gained the poem-prize, and in 1803 won the Newgate prize for his poem "Palestine." After taking his degree and spending two years on the Continent he was married, and, together, he and Mrs. Heber took up the work at Hodnet. Mr. Heber was the tenderest of men, and all his people learned to love him. After sixteen years at Hodnet he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, and in less than three years of arduous service, he, too, laid down his life for the people of "India's coral strand." It is told that when the author left for the far-away field the last words he heard from his friends as they gathered at the railroad station to bid him farewell, were the inspiring ones of his own great hymn, borne to him in waves of song.

Our hymnology holds many good missionary hymns, but, as "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" is *the* doxology, so it might be said of this hymn that it is *the* missionary hymn. Its use is as wide as the theme, covering the earth. And there is a reason for its popularity. The simplicity of expression, the touch of the poetic spirit, the comprehensiveness of theme, all contribute to its worth. In all lands where they

have not yet heard of the Messiah's name they are in need of deliverance "from error's chain." No matter though "with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strown," the heathen still worship "wood and stone." Note the wonderful plea to those who have the "Light" to evangelize the world, and the urge to labor till Jesus "In bliss returns to reign."

The tune, "Missionary Hymn," by Mason, was written in 1823, while he was a clerk in a bank, in Savannah, Georgia. A copy of Mr. Heber's hymn came into the possession of a lady living in the same town. The beauty of the poetry and its possibility as a hymn attracted her attention. She searched for a tune for it but could find none to fit the meter. Having been told of a young man who had a gift for writing beautiful songs, she sent her son to call upon this young genius, and in a half hour he returned with the composition.

A number of converted sailors were one day comparing nationalities and found that they had come from ten different countries. When the last one stated that he had been born in Greenland one of them began singing "From Greenland's icy mountains," the rest of them joining, their hearts filled with the joy of Christian songship.

GETTING THE HOME FEELING

Miss Eliza B. Miller is a missionary in India. During one of her "rest years" in the States she very kindly gave the following experience:

"While coming along on the Atlantic Ocean I tried to imagine how I would feel when the shores of America came into sight, after not having seen my own native land for seven years. When the signal came from the bridge that land was in sight, we went on deck, and there in the distance was the land which we had been waiting to see. But seeing it made no more impression on me than seeing the shores of Asia, Africa, or Europe. 'If only some one would sing America,' I said, 'then I would feel as though I were getting home.' But no one sang.

"I went on to Chicago and from there to Mt. Morris, Illinois, not experiencing the feeling of getting home until the students of Mt. Morris College sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I got off the train. The song went straight to my heart and it struck a chord that found expression in no other way than weeping. Then followed 'America,' and a sweeter strain never greeted my ears. I felt that I had gotten home. It was a welcome indeed to be greeted with songs I had loved from babyhood. No one but those who have been in strange lands, hearing strange songs, knows how sweet are the strains of the dear native land."

GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS

1607 Paul Gerhardt 1676

The translation of Gerhardt's hymn from the German was made by John Wesley. For refusing to preach anything but the Word of God, Dr. Gerhardt

was obliged to seek refuge in a land of strangers. In his exile, accompanied by his wife and children, he arrived during the night at a little village inn, where his wife, overcome with anguish, broke down under the weight of her affliction. He was unable to comfort his family and so went out into the woods to pray. While engaged in prayer this text came to him: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." So great was his blessing that while walking to and fro beneath the trees, he composed this hymn of ten quatrains. Trusting in God he returned to his family.

They retired for rest, but very soon there came a loud knocking at the door. There arrived a mounted messenger from Duke Christian of Meresburg, to deliver a sealed packet to Dr. Gerhardt. It contained the following information: "Church, people, home, livelihood and liberty to preach the gospel as your heart may prompt you." However, his years were full of trial and hardship. While living in Berlin his wife and four of his children died. It seemed that he had to "learn in suffering what he taught in song." His last years were spent in a small parish in Lübbin. Dr. Gerhardt gave to the church one hundred and twenty-five hymns.

At Hillsboro, Ohio, a little band of consecrated women marched out of the Presbyterian church, and down the street to the saloons, singing, "Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismayed." The song was caught up by other lips, the crusade against

the liquor traffic reached other towns, and in 1874 the mother-love of our country was organized into the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This organization has wisely chosen this "Hymn of Trust" as her Crusade Hymn; and it has played a prominent part in sustaining, comforting and speeding the great White Ribbon Host on to marvelous activities and jubilant victories.

GOD BE WITH YOU

1828	J. E. Rankin	1904
1832	W. G. Tomer	1896

Of this very popular "farewell" hymn Dr. Rankin has said: "Written in 1882 as a Christian good-bye, it was called forth by no person or occasion, but was deliberately composed as a Christian hymn on the basis of the etymology of 'good-bye,' which is 'God be with you.' The first stanza was written and sent to two composers. I selected W. G. Tomer's composition and attribute its popularity in no little part to the music to which it was set."

Mr. Tomer was a school-teacher and wrote the music while engaged in this profession. Brown and Butterworth have fittingly written: "Dr. Rankin was fortunate in his composer. The tune is a symphony of hearts—subdued at first, but breaking into a chorus strong with the uplift of hope. It is a farewell with a spiritual thrill in it."

Dr. Rankin was a Congregational minister, and for a number of years President of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

1731 William Cowper 1800

The circumstances which gave birth to this hymn weight it with peculiar significance. Cowper's mother died when he was six years old. Thus "he lost the shelter and maternal love and care which his tender and delicate nature needed." Through much of his adult life he was afflicted with melancholia. It is said that he was gentle, frail and timid, and while brooding over the inward horrors of his mental darkness he was always as harmless and lovely as "the lilies he loved," and at more favorable intervals wrote the hymns which are the blessed heritage of the Church of Christ. Two or three times in his life when afflicted with a fit of despondency he was on the verge of committing suicide. One day, with the purpose of ending it all in the river Ouse, he ordered a cabman to take him to a certain place on the river bank. The driver, suspecting his intentions, instead of stopping at the spot, drove about the city and finally stopped in front of Cowper's home. After recovering from his surprise and thinking over his narrow escape he wrote this undying hymn.

The underlying thought is Divine Providence, and it has been regarded by some as the greatest hymn ever written on this subject. Every life is involved in mystery; but along with this comes the assurance that God is over all, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." There is a great divine purpose in all the tortuous windings of the course of

human life. Cowper, who could be truly sympathetic, admonishes to take courage because God is merciful. If we "But trust him for his grace" his purposes will be "unfolding every hour." Eternity will reveal all mysteries and bring into view God's "smiling face."

On Sunday evening, during the last service of an evangelistic engagement in Indiana, this incident occurred: The hymn "Mother," a word picture of the life and death of a Christian mother and the great Judgment scene was one of the song leader's list of solos, and, for some reason, she could not evade singing it on this particular evening. So immediately following the minister's pleading sermon, the singer stepped to the front of the platform and sang this hymn. The first stanza was not quite finished when she noticed a stranger entering the hallway at the side entrance. His unusual appearing interested her. Before the refrain was sung the second time the young man moved staggeringly into the auditorium and stood bracing himself against the wall. Taking in the situation the singer sang the "Mother-message" straight at him. The minister's closing prayer followed, during which the young man with unsteady step made his way down the aisle. Just as the minister ceased praying he threw down his hat, fell upon his knees and looking into the face of the evangelist, then at the singer, said, "Won't you sing again?" The secret of the story is that the "prodigal child" found never-failing strength to overcome the demon of drink. God is performing "wonders" through the medium of gospel song.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

1717	William Williams	1791
1725	Thomas Olivers	1799

After reading one of the author's books, Lady Huntingdon was so impressed by it that she asked him to write a collection of hymns. This, his most familiar hymn, was originally written in Welsh. It was translated into English and published by Williams in 1873, as a leaflet, with this heading: "A favorite hymn sung by Lady Huntingdon's young Collegians. Printed by the desire of many friends. Lord, give it thy blessing!" This oft sung hymn quickens the soul to a sublime pitch of faith in our unseen Helper and Deliverer, and has been an inspiration to thousands of His followers, both in storm and in sunshine. The hymn was familiar in America before it became popular in the country of its author. Mr. Williams was fitting himself for the medical profession, but became converted, and from then on devoted himself to religious work. He not only developed as a fine preacher, but also as an excellent writer. William Williams has been termed the "Watts of Wales."

Mr. Thomas Olivers, also a Welshman, who wrote the musical setting, also wrote hymns. But, surely, he was "a brand plucked out of the fire." Being left an orphan at the age of five years, he was passed from one relative to another and his training was so neglected that he came to be looked upon as "the worst boy in the country." But God had a work for him to do,

and led him to the seaport town of Bristol, where, after hearing a sermon by Whitefield on Zechariah 3:2 he became "a new creature." For more than sixty years following his conversion he was a useful man and "a preacher of righteousness."

In a retired village, a few miles out of London, amid fruit trees, honeysuckles and jessamine; upon a lawn bounded by stately trees and fringed with beautiful flowers, there was a summer-like drawing room. Here sat an old lady, tastily and neatly dressed; a cap with modest crown on her head, her silvered locks protruding from underneath. Her eyes revealed a spiritual depth of kindness and peace. She had lived nearly a century, and was soon to leave her earthly paradise. Closely following an interested chat with a friend, in which she seemed more at home with Wesley and Romaine than with things present, she was called to her heavenly home. As she lay murmuring a song in undertone, she was asked, "What are you singing?" She said,

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee."

HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED

1771	James Montgomery	1854
1810	Samuel S. Wesley	1876

In one of the Moravian settlements in Britain on Christmas, 1821, this praise hymn was first sung. At a meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Association in Liverpool, England, in April, 1822, the author closed his address with this version of the seventy-second Psalm. Dr. Adam Clarke, who was moderator of the meeting, asked for the privilege of printing it in his Commentary. The author's father was a Moravian minister, and by the time James was eight years old, he had lived in Scotland, Ireland and England! His parents were sent to the West Indies as missionaries in 1783, where they died.

Beginning in 1794, and for about thirty years, he was editor of the paper of his home town, Sheffield. However, the government considered the principles of the paper too liberal, and he was fined and imprisoned. During his imprisonment the English layman wrote some of his best lyrics. This is just another incident showing that prison bars are no barrier to the soul, " For doth not song to the whole world belong? Is it not given wherever tears can fall? "

The hymn is largely sung to " Aurelia, " composed by the grandson of the famous Charles Wesley.

HARK, MY SOUL, IT IS THE LORD

1731	William Cowper	1800
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

Pertaining to this hymn, which was first published in 1768, entitled, "Lovest thou me?" and which has found its way into the hearts of nearly all denominations, we quote Archdeacon Sinclair: "Of its popularity in its own land 'Hark, my soul' is the most beautiful of all English hymns. It emphasizes what is the essence of faith, the appeal of Christ to the individual man. It describes in language that is exquisitely simple and true the work of the Savior for the soul in redemption. In words hardly less powerful than those of St. Paul it brings home to the heart the truth which speaks to us through the gospels the fullness of him who filleth all in all, and then closes by bringing the poor human heart, conscious of its own feebleness, into its true attitude of absolute reliance on the Divine peace, in which it lives, and moves and has its being."

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1809	Felix Mendelssohn	1847

While this hymn of eight stanzas is associated with the English festival season, yet it is possibly more largely used in the Christmas services in America. The

hymn as written by Wesley in 1730 has a taste of "Adeste Fideles." In 1760 Martin Madan changed Wesley's first two lines from

> "Hark! how all the welkin rings,
> Glory to the King of kings!"

to the words as found in modern hymn books. Felix Mendelssohn's melody gives it a touch of the anthem style, and makes it a very pleasing Yuletide number. The choral-tune is from his cantata, "God is Light."

What a glorious privilege to join in the song of the "Herald Angels" in singing His praise who, as "th' incarnate Deity," was "pleased as man with men to dwell!" Have we heard the message? Are we proclaiming it? What a graphic portrayal of the great sacrifice made by the Son of God, in that He laid down his former glory, took upon Himself humanity and became sin in our behalf, that through Him "God and sinners may be reconciled." Because He laid his glory by we shall rise no more to die.

Unlike most of our great musicians, Mendelssohn never had to contend with poverty. His father was a wealthy banker and his mother was very talented and proved an excellent teacher for her little son. It was the child's delight to be perched up before the keys of the pianoforte, and before he was ten years old he was well acquainted with some of the very best musical works. Mendelssohn's masterpiece, "Elijah," was first performed in 1846. Its religious sentiment, coupled with his descriptive music, so wonderful, has

placed this oratorio next to the "Messiah" in popularity. He was not only distinguished for his work in composition, but was celebrated as a performer. It is said when he was expected to play on the organ the churches were so invaded by crowds that the aisles were thronged. The only thing the great master could not do was to "play the congregation out." Like Bliss, the American gifted hymn writer, Mendelssohn, the German musician, died at the early age of thirty-eight.

HE LEADETH ME

1834	J. H. Gilmore	1922
1816	W. B. Bradbury	1868

This enduring hymn, laden with comfort and sustaining strength, is well melodized by Mr. Bradbury. It is based on the Twenty-third Psalm and was written at the close of a lecture in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1862. After writing the hymn Mr. Gilmore handed it to his wife, who later on sent it to the *Watchman and Reflector,* where it first appeared in print. Some years after this Mr. Gilmore was called to preach at Rochester, New York. After entering the chapel he picked up a hymn book wondering what they sang. The book opened at "He Leadeth Me." The pastor says: "This was the first time I knew my hymn had found a place among the songs of the church. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by coming then and there in contact with my own assertion of God's leadership."

Mr. Bradbury, who was always on the lookout for good words, found these verses in a religious periodical, and composed for them the appropriate music to which they have always been sung.

In the words of J. H. Hall, Southern author and teacher: "Mr. Bradbury, in his day, created a style of juvenile music, especially Sunday-school music, that swept the country. Sunday-school song writers regard Mr. Bradbury's writings as the ideal."

The following beautiful wording comes from a late prominent educator of Illinois:

"He Leadeth Me." What a wondrous link between those two personal pronouns—"He" and "Me"! The chasm between the Shepherd in glory and His poor sheep in this sinful world might seem to be an infinite one; but it is bridged over by this one tender word, "leadeth." As in the East the shepherd always leads the flock, to discover the greenest and tenderest patches of grass, and the least stony paths leading to them; so does Jesus our Good Shepherd ever keep in front of the soul that trusts and loves Him. The one ambition of our being should be to be sure that we are resolutely following the Shepherd.

HOLY! HOLY! HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

1783	Reginald Heber	1826
1823	John B. Dykes	1876

This hymn, which is "stately and beautiful as an anthem," was written by Dr. Heber in 1826. The tune "Nicæa," written by Dr. J. B. Dykes in 1861, expressly for this great poem, has given to it a majestic glory that has gained for it great popularity. The tune took its name from the fact that Nicæa, in Asia Minor, was the city in which the first Christian Ecumenical Council held its assemblies in A. D. 325. It was on this occasion that the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which the Arians had attacked, was established, declaring Christ's eternal Sonship and His equality with the Father as the creed of the churches. Hence, a hymn grand as this became associated with a strain of music bearing the name of the ancient town where the Council was held.

Another writer says: "This is the finest hymn ever written, considering the abstract difficult nature of its theme, its perfect spirituality, and the devotion and purity of its language."

The title usually given to this hymn is "The Trinity." God is the principal theme, and it brings us face to face with Him. The poet sings of the moral and spiritual perfection of God; also of His omnipotence, His holiness and His triunity. All creation is called upon to praise God, even the redeemed and the angels. Singing of God's holiness suggests the thought that He would have us be holy. Holiness implies a pure heart that makes room for Jesus.

HOME OF THE SOUL

1835	Ellen Huntington Gates	1920
1834	Philip Phillips	1895

One day in the year 1865, Mr. Phillips, while reading "Pilgrim's Progress," was especially impressed by the part in which Christian and Hopeful are pictured as going "in at the gate," being "transfigured," given harps "to praise withal," and "crowns in token of honor." Sensing in Bunyan's thrilling description the spirit of a song that might be made a blessing, he sent the extract to Mrs. Gates, asking her to write a hymn. This resulted in "Home of the Soul," of which Mrs. Gates says: "These lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon. I then knew, as I now know, that the poem was only a simple little thing, but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings, and would fly into sorrowful hearts, uplifting them and strengthening them."

This is the story the "singing pilgrim" tells of his tune: "When the verses were forwarded to me I seated myself in my home with my little boy on my knee, and with Bunyan's immortal dream-book in my hand. I began to read the closing scenes where Christian and Hopeful entered the city, and like the dreamer of old, wishing myself among them. At this moment of inspiration I turned to the organ, and wrote the tune."

This hymn will interest children when some lighter ones will not. The story naturally seems somewhat

heavy for them, but while interpreting it we have held the attention of every little child, the quiet being almost breathlessly intense. A song that touches the child-heart voices God's praise, even when the child is not quite sure of the meaning of the words. Children should receive the very best there is in music. Give them the same chance in music as in any other branch of study. It is a false system that puts off the consideration of music until the most impressionable age of the child is past. For the Church, music is one of her most potent missionaries. Should the constituency once see the true significance of this fact and use the material at command, the marvelous awakening to life and power within her borders would come as a glad breath of heavenly surprise.

In the "World on Wheels," by Benjamin F. Taylor, the following incident is related: "On a night railroad train, among a motley collection of passengers, sat two plain women. Suddenly, in a dull silence, near twelve o'clock, a voice, sweet and flexible, struck up a tune. The singer was one of those women. She sang on, one after another, the good Methodist and Baptist melodies of long ago, and the growing interest of the passengers became chained attention when she began,

'I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul.'

The car was a wakeful hush long before she had ended; it was as if a beautiful spirit were fleeting through the air. None that heard will ever forget."

HOME, SWEET HOME

1791	John Howard Payne	1852
1786	Henry R. Bishop	1855

The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer since my boyhood.—*John Howard Payne.*

"I first heard the air in Italy," said the poet. "One beautiful morning, as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. After a few moments' conversation I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me; but having a slight knowledge of music myself I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted the notes as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Henry R. Bishop at the time I was preparing 'Clari, the Maid of Milan,' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the 'Sicilian Air' perfectly well and adapted the music to the words."

"Home, Sweet Home" was first sung in public in Covent Garden, in London, in 1823, by Miss Maria Tree, who, through the singing of it, won a wealthy husband. The song also made a fortune for its publishers, while the author received little, he retaining no interest in the publishing rights. His name was not

even given a place on the title page, yet today, this poem, written by the homesick American, stands immortalized. The simple, direct appeal of the words echo and its music reëchoes a sentiment that is at once touching and universal. The song and the soul of the song, united, form that rare thing that vitalizes and is found in John Howard Payne's matchless prelude of eternity's glorified Home, Sweet Home. The monument of John Howard Payne stands in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

HO! MY COMRADES, SEE THE SIGNAL

1838 P. P. Bliss 1876

Translated into various languages this old hymn has thrilled the hearts of people in nearly all the countries of the world. It was during a Sunday-school convention in Rockford, Illinois, in 1870 that Major Whittle (1840-1901) told an exciting war story of how General Sherman's army, when camping near Atlanta, Georgia, just ready to commence his march to the sea, was surprised by General Hood of the Southern forces. Sherman started his men in hot pursuit, to save vast supplies at Altoona Pass where General Corse was stationed with about fifteen hundred men. When General French with six thousand men surrounded the works, and demanded Corse to surrender, the battle was on. When it began to look like defeat for the defenders of the Pass, one of the officers looking across the valley saw a white signal flag waving from the sum-

mit of Kenesaw Mountain. The signal was answered, and soon this heartening message was being waved back: "Hold the fort; I am coming. W. T. Sherman."

Mr. Bliss was at the Rockford convention, and the relating of this incident caused him to write immediately the famous rallying song. The next day the two evangelists held a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms in Chicago. Bliss wrote the chorus of the hymn on the blackboard, and it was here that "Hold the Fort" was first sung in public. Mr. Bliss with his splendid barytone voice sang the verses, and the audience joined in the chorus.

At the conclusion of the revival held by Moody and Sankey in Great Britain, Lord Shaftesbury, in a farewell address, said that the mission of Moody and Sankey must be counted splendidly successful if they had done nothing else than teach his countrymen how to sing "Hold the Fort."

When the citizens of Rome, Pennsylvania, the author's home, erected a monument in memory of the beloved gospel singer, the inscription was:

P. P. Bliss
Author of "Hold the Fort"

The marble of Baalbek is broken; the Egyptian pyramids are crumbling; but the spiritual awakening in the hearts of millions because of the hymns of P. P. Bliss is a monument that will endure, even throughout eternity.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

George Keith

1716 Anne Steele 1778

Though the authorship is somewhat uncertain, the hymn is positive in its popularity and usefulness. The original consists of seven stanzas, entitled "Precious Promises." Hebrews 13:5 is admirably emphasized in this spiritually reviving hymn of divine promise. Since 1787, when Dr. John Rippon first published it, in "Selections of Hymns from the Best Authors," it has been largely used, especially in America. The familiar tune given by Miss Anne Steele, or that of old "Portuguese," enhances its religious beauty, and devout souls never tire of its message.

This was the favorite hymn of Deborah, the beloved wife of General Andrew Jackson. Shortly before his death he mentioned this fact to some of his friends, and asked them to sing the hymn for him. It was also the favorite of General Robert E. Lee, and was used at his funeral.

Dr. James H. Taylor, Woodrow Wilson's pastor in Washington, in speaking of him as a worshiper, said that he enjoyed greatly taking part in the singing of the hymns. "How Firm a Foundation" was one of his favorites.

Pertaining to Theodore Roosevelt's choice of all hymns, there comes from Sagamore Hill this message in the words of Mrs. Edith Kermit Roosevelt: "I am glad to tell you that my husband's favorite hymn was

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!'"

The writer takes the promises of God, as found in his Word, as adequate ground for faith in him who has made us and holds all things in his hands. In every condition, everywhere, in any stage of life, he promises to be true, and he has never, throughout the ages, disappointed those who have taken Him at His word. The "powerful and affecting emphasis on the Divine promise," in the last stanza, is wonderfully inspiring and conforting to a newborn soul. These blessings can be realized to the full extent only by him who surrenders his life fully to God.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

1725	John Newton	1807
1784	Thomas Hastings	1872

This widely-used hymn first appeared in 1770, entitled "The Name of Jesus." It is founded on the thought in Solomon's Song: "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." The beautiful tune, Ortonville, written by Dr. Thomas Hastings, in 1837, helps to call out the hymn's spiritual warmth and richness, thus adding to its popularity and usefulness.

When death comes into the home and snatches away those of our own—everything seems so changed. We had passed through such a time of sorrow. Many days had flown—and it seemed as if the music of our lives had gone. Voices and instruments were silent. One day the only brother in the home, a young man

of splendid character, seated himself at the piano and sweetly but firmly played "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" As the melody floated out, and our aching hearts echoed the message, a pæan of peace crept soothingly in.

John Newton was buried in London, Lombard Street, Church of St. Mary. This is the striking epitaph on his tombstone which was prepared by himself, with the request that nothing be added: "John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy. Near sixteen years at Olney in Bucks; and twenty-eight years in this church."

Dr. Hastings was a native of New England, whence have come so many of our best hymn writers and tone-poets. In 1832 he accepted an invitation by twelve churches to go to New York City in the interest of church music. The remaining forty years of his life were spent there, where the principal part of his musical work was done.

I AM SO GLAD THAT OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN

1838 P. P. Bliss 1876

The following story may prove a tonic for tired mothers:

It was a morning full of budding, bursting life, so

fresh, so free, so exhilarating, that to take in long breaths of its breezy air well nigh intoxicated one with gladness: yet, as Mrs. B—— hung the last of her snowy linen upon the line and left it swaying in the bright sunshine, the beauty of the morning fell unappreciated over her as with a sigh she bore the empty basket back into the house. The trials of "blue Monday" were hard for her to bear, and as the tired mother took a survey of her incomplete task, she sank into a chair, her chin quivering, and the tears chasing each other down her flushed cheeks. The ever faithful hands were so tired, and there were no others to help. Throbbing temples! Burdened brain! 'Twas early dawn-light when she started bravely forth to meet her duties; but with a sob she said aloud: "Where is the gain? A woman's work is never done!"

What was it that in a moment arrested her attention and brought a half smile to her lips, as the tear forgot to fall? Nothing but a catch of baby's song, borne in upon the wings of the breeze. The little songstress was not in sight, but the mother knew that in the long grass in the shadows of the apple trees strayed a happy little body with wind-tossed hair, and rumpled dress, gathering pink tinted petals to make a bed "foh dolly." As the words "I is so g'ad 'at Jesus 'oves me" floated through the window into the kitchen, how they quickly wafted away the load of discouraged feelings from the weary mother's heart. "Jesus 'oves even me," sweetly sounded the words. "God bless my little girl," the mother whispered, and

rising, gracefully coiled her loosened hair and took up with steady hands the tangled skein of work where it had fallen.

"Oh, Dollie, I is so g'ad 'at Jesus 'oves me, and oo, too," prattled innocent little Babe, unconscious that her stray bits of song had been the threads which held up her mother's tired hands, giving them strength to do with gladness.

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE

1836	Frances R. Havergal	1879
1838	P. P. Bliss	1876

Fifteen years after a young English girl had written this hymn and was asked as to its origin, she replied: "Yes, the hymn is mine, and perhaps it will interest you to know how nearly it went into the fire instead of nearly all over the world. I was going to school and lived in the home of a minister. Returning home one evening I sat down to rest in his study. Facing my chair was a picture of Christ with the motto, 'This I did for thee, what doest thou for me?' Quickly these words were written on the back of a circular. I read them over but was so little impressed with them that I threw them on the fire, when a sudden impulse made me snatch back the circular in time to save it. I put it crumpled in my pocket." The rest of the story tells how the hymn was read to a dear old lady friend of the author's, who was so delighted with the sentiment that Miss Havergal made a copy of it;

and thus was preserved the sweet hymn that has been a blessing to multitudes.

The hymn was first tuned by the author's father, but really became popular in America after P. P. Bliss, with his "rare spiritual insight," gave it his sympathetic musical setting.

On the ledge of a little chapel in a foreign land is a carved stone lamb. One day a man was at work on the roof, sitting in a basket, which was fastened by a rope. Suddenly the rope broke. The people below, expecting him to be dashed against the stones, turned away in horror; but he arose from the ground unhurt. A lamb had been feeding upon the tufts of grass which sprang up between the paving stones, and he had fallen upon the lamb, crushing it to death. As a memorial the man had an image of it placed upon the chapel's ledge. The cross means even more to us than the stone lamb meant to the kind-hearted workman; for Jesus has saved us, and, in saving us, he purposely gave his life a ransom for us.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

1808	Horatius Bonar	1889
1823	J. B. Dykes	1876

It has been said that Dr. Bonar was one of the sweetest, though one of the saddest, of the singers of the church. He was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland. He applied himself very devotedly and enthusiastically to his clerical work for

fifty years. By those who were in close touch with him he is characterized as "always visiting," "always preaching," "always writing," "always praying." While in his early preaching he was rather stern, as he grew older he "mellowed in his dogmatic, ecclesiastical and personal relations." And some one suggests that in his later life he might have said with Baxter, "I am not so narrow in my principles of church communion as I once was."

This is a story of blessings received as a result of obedience to the wooings of the loving Jesus. Are you weary from trying, in your own strength, to do the right? "Let go and let God." Are you thirsting for the water of life? Jesus is that Water. Are you groping in darkness? He is "this world's Light." Jesus is calling now.

Note the countersong structure of the hymn, the first half of the stanza constituting the invitation and the second half the response, and how naturally and artfully the poetic instinct of the author fits these together. Dr. Dykes in composing for this hymn the tune "Vox Dilecti" takes advantage of this structure, giving the voice the B flat minor key in which comes the call in sweetly plaintive tones, and then follows the exultant response in the key of G major, thus making it possible of especially effective rendering.

This hymn was a special favorite of Henry Ward Beecher. After preaching his last sermon in Plymouth Church, on Sunday evening, March 6, 1887, he lingered in the church at the close of the service to hear

his choir sing a beautiful anthem to the words of this fine hymn. On the following Tuesday he "rested from his labors."

A young servant in Dr. Bonar's house who owed her conversion to his much praying, said: "If he needs to pray so much, what will become of me if I do not pray?"

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS

1808 Horatius Bonar 1889

This is one of Dr. Bonar's earliest compositions, which he wrote for the children of his Sabbath-school, where he would conduct special services in song and Bible story. He would write a hymn for each service and have it sung by the boys and girls. After the song service would follow a short address, given in a winning and convincing manner. Dr. Bonar kept no record of the dates of his hymns. Some of his best known hymns he wrote in railway trains or sitting by the fireside at night.

His "Only Remembered By What We Have Done" was set to music by Ira D. Sankey in 1891, and used as a solo by Mr. Sankey at the funeral of the distinguished London preacher, C. H. Spurgeon.

I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD

1752 Timothy Dwight 1817

Timothy Dwight was born in Northampton, Massachusetts. He was an unusually bright boy, having qualified to enter Yale College at the age of thirteen. After his graduation in 1769 he became tutor in his Alma Mater. In 1795 he was elected president of the institution and held the position to the time of his death. It was said that he was one of the broadest and most scholarly examples of American culture at that period. Although Dr. Dwight wrote a number of hymns, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," written in 1800, is his best, and one that should be very precious to the Christian Church so long as there will be songs for her to sing. The hymn is based on Psalm 137.

It will be helpful to study in connection with this hymn the one hundred and twenty-second Psalm. The thought throughout is that of love for the Church of Christ, and the spirit of consecration to the interests of the church, which believes in a healthy body, clean mind, pure heart and guiltless soul.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY

1833 Emily H. Miller

This is the author's account of this hymn: "I do not know that there are any circumstances of special interest connected with the writing of this children's hymn. I was at the time, 1867, joint editor of a maga-

zine for young people entitled *The Little Corporal,* for which I usually furnished a poem to be set to music each month. I was recovering from a severe illness, and although very weak I determined if possible to send in my contribution. So one afternoon when I felt a little stronger, I took my pen and paper and began to write, 'I love to hear the story.' The words were suggested rapidly and continuously, as if I were writing from dictation. In less than fifteen minutes the hymn was written and sent away without any corrections. Its popularity has always surprised me, as among the hundreds of hymns and songs which I have written, many seem to me to be of greater merit."

I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY

1783	Phœbe Hinsdale Brown	1861
1818	L. C. Everett	1867

A baby orphan at two years, a stunted childhood, with little chance of learning to read until eighteen, this timid, devoted mother of four children has said: "As to my history it is soon told. A sinner saved by grace, and sanctified by trials." Phœbe was the daughter of George Hinsdale, who composed the tune "Hinsdale." She married Timothy Brown, a house painter of Ellington, Connecticut. Here Mrs. Brown lived in a very humble home not far from the beautiful grounds of a wealthy woman. Tucking her children away for the night after a day of hard work she would go in the quiet of the evening to the edge of the well-

kept grounds of her neighbor, there to find rest for body and mind, in sweet communion with her God. She loved to enjoy these few moments of unhindered quiet, peace and beauty. But the owner of the grounds, being told of her coming and going, in her selfishness thought wrongly of her retreat there, and one evening very suddenly and rudely ordered her away, saying: "If you want anything, why don't you come in and ask for it?" Mrs. Brown returned to her little kitchen and with tears trickling down her face, penciled the hymn.

Dr. Hyde, a minister, was a neighbor of Mrs. Brown. He was assisting Dr. Nettleton in compiling the "Village Hymns." They sensed the devotional beauty of the little lyric and after a few minor changes gave it a worthy place in their book, publishing five of the nine stanzas.

Samuel, the son of Mrs. Brown, became America's pioneer missionary to Japan. Later on two of her grandchildren also devoted themselves to service in the same field. The author's death occurred at Henry, Illinois.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

1846	Katherine Hankey	
1835	W. G. Fischer	1912

"I Love to Tell the Story" is the hymnal arrangement from Part II of Miss Hankey's poem of fifty stanzas. It is the answer to "Tell Me the Old,

Old Story." The melody was written in 1869 by Mr. Fischer, who has written a number of beautiful hymn-tunes, such as "Whiter than Snow," "I am Coming to the Cross," and "The Rock that is Higher than I."

I MUST TELL JESUS

1839 Elisha A. Hoffman

Some years ago Mr. Hoffman, of hymn-writing fame, kindly gave us permission to use the following story of this very helpful number: "During a pastorate in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, there was recorded upon the roll of parishioners the name of a woman to whom God permitted many visitations of sorrow and affliction. Coming into her home one day I found her much discouraged and disheartened. A new sorrow had befallen her and was like a shaft of fire-heated iron burning in her soul. Responding to my request to know the occasion of her deep anguish she unburdened her heart and related to me the circumstances which had conspired to bring the mental distress and soul-pain she was suffering. She concluded the recital of her troubles with the question: 'Brother Hoffman, what shall I do? What shall I do?' wringing her hands at the same time in token of her grief.

"This was not an unusual experience for a pastor. I quoted from the Word, and then added: 'You can not do better than to take all your sorrows to Jesus; you must tell Jesus.' For a moment she seemed ab-

stracted in meditation. Then her face glowed, and her eyes lighted, and in warm animation she exclaimed, 'Yes, I must tell Jesus.' As I went from that sorrow-filled Christian home a vision walked before me, a vision of a joy-illumined face, a vision of a heaven-irradiated countenance, a vision of a soul transformed from darkness into light, and I heard all along the way, the echo of a tender voice saying: 'Yes, I must tell Jesus.' Do you wonder that I made my way directly to my home, and that God gave me the inspiration to pen the hymn which seems to bring comfort to the hearts of so many Christian pilgrims? My pen seemed to be but the vehicle through which the divine Father communicated this message of comforting song."

Elisha Hoffman's parents were not only musical but they were active Christians. Sacred song was a definite part of their family worship. Both the father and son were ministers. Mr. Hoffman has something like two thousand hymns and songs to his credit.

Of Mr. Hoffman's place as a song writer, Dr. Gabriel says: "When the religious world began singing, 'Are you washed in the blood?' the name of Rev. E. A. Hoffman came into prominence; when, later, 'What a wonderful Savior' sang its way into the church, that name became a synonym of success."

Rev. Hoffman is at home at Cabery, Illinois.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

1835	Annie S. Hawkes	1915
1826	Robert Lowry	1899

In these words we have an expression of the feeling of security and happiness with God's presence in the heart. Thus fortified, "Temptations lose their power." The indwelling of the Spirit of God means peace of soul, and renders life worth while. The singer expresses a longing desire for the joy of the Divine Presence as a constant experience.

This is what Mrs. Hawkes says about the origin of the hymn: "I remember well the morning in 1872. I was so filled with a sense of the nearness of the Master that these words, 'I need thee every hour,' were flashed into my mind. Seating myself by the open window, I caught a pencil, and the words were soon committed to paper. It was only by accident, it would seem, that they were set to music a few months later and sung for the first time at a Sunday School Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio."

Dr. Robert Lowry, who set the hymn to music, says: "It came to me in the form of five simple stanzas, to which I added the chorus to make it more serviceable. It inspired me at its first reading. I believe it was the expression of the author's own experience."

Mrs. Hawkes was a native of New York State, was educated in the public schools of Troy and Troy

Seminary. After her marriage to Mr. Hawkes, a New York banker, she moved to that city, and became a member of Dr. Lowry's congregation.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

1792	John Bowring	1872
1815	Ithamar Conkey	1867

This is the most popular hymn produced by Sir John Bowring, LL. D., nominally a Unitarian and a man of unusual attainments and versatility. As Brown and Butterworth have graphically written—"There is hardly a branch of knowledge or a field of research from which he did not enrich himself and others, or a human condition that he did not study and influence." The words, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," are inscribed on his tombstone.

No better tune than "Rathbun," by Ithamar Conkey, could be associated with this living hymn of the Cross. In the well chosen words of the authors previously quoted, "Its air, swelling through diatonic fourth and third to the supreme syllable, bears on its waves the homage of the lines from bar to bar till the four voices come home to rest full and satisfied in the final chord—

'Gathers round its head sublime.'"

Once while the gray dawn was breaking we had a glimpse of Revelation's Patmos! One Sabbath afternoon we walked through the pebbled streets of the Is-

land of Rhodes! During a good old-fashioned rain shower we climbed over broken stone steps and stood upon Mars' Hill! While our ship lay safely anchored in a Turkish port we visited historic Smyrna! In all these places so full of sacred history the song that in the heart kept singing was this one that will never grow old:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

Mr. Conkey, whose parents came from bonny Scotland, was popular in New York City as an oratario bass soloist.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

1825	Mrs. M. A. Kidder	1905
1839	Frank M. Davis	1896

Mrs. Kidder, an American Baptist, lived in Massachusetts. Out of her hundreds of hymns, some have become very popular. This one, the music being written by Frank M. Davis of Indiana, in 1876, and that of "We shall sleep, but not forever," by Dr. J. B. Herbert, composer and harmonist of Illinois, are probably her best known. Mr. Davis died while attending camp meeting at Chesterfield, Indiana.

In a college town of the Middle West there lived an aged man who took great delight in visiting the evening choral classes. It was during one of these

pleasant visits that this hymn was used for interpretative study. As the chorus began singing

"Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold,"

"Uncle John," as he was familiarly called by the students, looked up with a knowing twinkle in his eyes, and suddenly said: "I can not sing that!" A new lesson was learned that evening. Singing and simply saying are not the same. Can we wonder that Paul, with his keen, inspired intellect, suggested that we sing with the spirit and with the understanding?

I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD

1813 Jemima Thompson Luke 1906

J. C. Englebrecht

This popular children's hymn was entitled "The Child's Desire," and written and published in 1841. Mrs. Luke, who was born near London, England, married to an Independent minister and especially interested in Child-welfare, tells this story: "In the small town of Wellington, five miles from Taunton, there was an association aiding the Society for Female Education in the East. One fine spring morning I went in a stagecoach to see how the Society was prospering. It was an hour's ride. There was no other inside passenger. I wanted words for a certain Greek melody I had heard at the Normal Infant School in Gray's Inn

Road, in order that I might teach the tune to the village school supported by my stepmother. So I took a letter from my pocket and on the back of the envelope wrote two verses of the little hymn now so well known.

"My father was superintendent of our Sunday-school and used to let the children choose the first hymn. One Sunday the children started their new hymn. My father turned to his younger daughters and said: 'Where did that come from? I never heard it before.' 'Oh, Jemima made it,' they replied. The next day he asked for a copy and sent it without my knowledge to *The Sunday-school Teachers' Magazine*. These verses must have been a little inspiration from above, and not in me, for I have never written any other worthy of preservation."

The unusual accent found in this hymn is probably one reason why so few of the tunes arranged for it have become popular.

"Some of my earliest religious awakenings," once wrote Dr. George Pentecost, "were in connection with hymns for children, that were just beginning to be sung in the Sabbath-schools when I was yet a little boy. I mention the one beginning: 'I think when I read that sweet story of old.' That little hymn would always quiet me and beget within my heart seriousness and longing. When as a child I used to sing or hear it, I would wonder if there was any blessing that I might have from Jesus that would correspond to His calling little children to Him, and laying His gentle, loving hands on their heads and blessing them. And in after

years, when I had grown to be a young man, away from home, and far from God by wicked works, that hymn of my childhood would often come to my memory, and more than once have I sung it with choking voice and tearful eye, and with emotions of penitence in my heart. True, these effects were transient, but they were real and mighty; and I do not doubt that God used that child's hymn to keep my heart from becoming perfectly hardened against His gentle voice."

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1828	Horatio Spafford	1888
1838	P. P. Bliss	1876

The following account of the origin of this hymn was received from Mrs. Spafford of the American Colony, Jerusalem, Palestine:

"On Nov. 15, 1873, I started for Europe with my four little daughters, under the care of an old friend, Mr. Lorriaux. After six days out and in mid-ocean, at 2 P. M., we collided with and were cut in two by a sailing vessel. The steamer sank in fifteen minutes, all on board going down with her. Naturally we all gave up hope of being rescued, as no vessel was in sight when we sank. I gave up myself to die. While going through this struggle, I felt very happy at the thought of meeting God, and eternity, but a voice seemed to say to me, 'What entitles you to meet God?' I instinctively answered, 'I believe in Jesus Christ my Savior.' The voice said again: 'It is well for you to

trust in Him for your dying, but God intended a plan to be worked out in the lives of His children.' At this stage I became unconscious, and when consciousness returned, I found myself floating on the top of the water, something having drifted under me keeping me up. At the same time I heard the splash of an oar, and found that a small boat from the vessel that had struck us had been sent to pick up any survivors they might happen to find, and I was taken up.

"When in the little boat the thought came to me, 'What could God have meant when He said He expected something worked out in each one's life?' It came to me that it must be something in my hand at this present time. I had a strong consciousness that my dear children were gone. So in my anguish I said, 'I will say, "God is love."' At once I felt a great opposition to saying this, but I held on, beginning to understand what God's plan could be, *i. e.*, the acquiescing in His will. On reaching the ship I felt strongly that I wanted to be the first pulled up. I waited to be last. These little experiences made me realize how continually my will was in opposition to the Divine one—always selfish, always first in everything. Then I began to see more and more clearly God's plan—how impossible it was for God to work through one until self was out of the way. We were ten days out in a sailing vessel, and when we landed at Cardiff, Wales, I cabled my husband, 'Saved alone. What shall I do?' My husband at that time, just after receiving the terrible news of the loss of his children, wrote the hymn, 'It is well with my soul.'"

"In the twenty-first year of my life," relates the evangelist, E. C. Miller, "I met with a very serious and what was at the time thought to be a fatal accident. I was lying in a state of unconscious stupor with occasionally a few rational moments. At such times I would think that soon I would stand face to face with the great Judge of life. During one of these intervals with a few friends about my bedside who were eager to render any service that could be given, one of them asked if there might be a song they could sing that I would like to hear. Instantly there came to my mind, 'It is well with my soul.' Softly they sang it, there in the evening twilight, and, as we all thought, the twilight of my life. I drank in the beautiful sentiment of the song, and as the words of faith and hope came to my heart I reached out my hand and seemed to grasp the hand of the Savior of men, as He, blessed One, stood on the brink of the river ready to pilot me over. I felt perfectly secure and the 'peace that passeth all understanding' filled my soul. I am sure the Spirit of God suggested to me at this crisis this message of song, and I shall ever cherish it as one of the sweetest experiences of my life."

It was "lawyers' night" at the revival meetings conducted by Dr. R. A. Torrey at the tent at Chestnut and Clark streets, Chicago. A member of the bar read the Bible and then offered prayer. All the front rows were filled by lawyers, a few judges and many clerks. "I have asked that a hymn written by a Chicago lawyer be sung," said municipal Judge Cleland, who presided.

"Many of you have heard of Spafford—H. G. Spafford. In the Chicago fire, 1871, he lost everything. He was a Christian man, and this loss did not cause him to give up. He decided to send his family to Europe while he went to work to get back some of the money he had lost. They sailed on the ill-fated Ville de Havre. One day he received the cablegram telling him of the loss of his four children. Spafford was ready to bear anything that the Lord should send. He went to his office and there with the waves and billows of affliction sweeping over, but not overwhelming him, because of his triumphant faith, he wrote this hymn that has given comfort to thousands of burdened hearts."

After the audience had sung the hymn Judge Cleland said: "A lawyer appreciates direct testimony. If it is a poor witness the lawyer and the judge consider the statement of one who saw and one who knows to be worth much more than hearsay. Here is direct testimony that the Bible is the Word of God. All lawyers should appreciate it."

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY

1796	W. A. Muhlenberg	1877
1811	George Kingsley	1884

Dr. Muhlenberg was a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He enjoyed the advantage of a distinguished ancestry. His great-grandfather was the founder of the Lutheran Church in America, and his

grandfather was Speaker of the House of Representatives during Washington's administration. The services of the Lutheran Church were conducted in the German language, which William did not understand; so he lost interest there and finally drifted into the Episcopal Church, in which he became a minister in 1817. Seeing the need of improvement of the church hymnody he at once interested himself in that work and did much for the betterment of the song service.

When the committee was gathering material for "Hymns for the Protestant Episcopal Church," this hymn was proposed, but, acting upon the suggestion of one member that it was "very sweet and pretty but rather sentimental," it was dropped and the committee adjourned for the night. But the next morning when Dr. Onderdonk, who had been working with the committee, though not a member, objected to its omission it was again considered and accepted. So in 1826 it was started on its mission of blessing.

The sentiments expressed in these lines struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of evangelical Christians, for it soon found its way into the hymnology of various church communions. Does the thought seem extremely "other-worldly"? Perhaps. But is there not a possibility of our being dangerously "this-worldly"? The hymn impresses the promise of a better world than this. The inborn notion of an after-death existence is universal; as also, that the undesirable vicissitudes of this life will there be absent, not only, but that there will be joys which this world knows not. Here "storm

after storm arises" and we are "fettered by sin." Why not "welcome the tomb"? Jesus lay there, but He also rose, and He will "bid me arise." "Heaven," says John Locke, "is our greatest interest and business, and 'happiness in the other world' is the spur for effort here."

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

1100 A. D. Bernard of Cluny

"De Contemptu Mundi" is one of the seven great hymns of the Latin Church. From its original three thousand lines some of our most beautiful church hymns have been born anew. From the part known as *Laus Patriae Coelestis,* meaning "Praise of the Heavenly Country," comes "Jerusalem the Golden." This is a luxuriant vision of the country that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

This twelfth century hymn gives a wonderful picture of heaven. So overawed is the author in contemplation of the unimaginable glory that the heart feels oppressed, not, to be sure, with discomfort, but in the sense of reverence. The figures used are of such variety and striking familiarity that all people, in varying circumstances in life, may find encouragement to press on in the service of the Master. There is the gold, the milk and honey, the beautiful buildings, filled with jubilant song, the green pastures, the Prince (Je-

sus) on the throne, robes of white, the angels, martyrs and our friends who have gone before. Some of these allusions need not be taken too literally, but as word-pictures of the "bliss beyond compare" that awaits God's children.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

1793	Henry F. Lyte	1847
1756	J. Wolfgang Mozart	1791

This is one of the most used of Henry Lyte's many excellent hymns. It was born of an unusual, or rather, new spiritual experience that came into the life of the author while visiting a brother clergyman who felt that he was dying, and wanted counsel with Lyte. In the course of their conversation they came to realize that neither of them had the assurance of heart that he was ready to pass into the life eternal. After the study of the Scriptures in a new light a vital change was wrought in the mind and heart of the author, making it possible for him, in truth, confidence and consolation, to bring forth out of a truly consecrated heart this hymn, the sentiments of which must be in accord with the feelings of every true child of God.

This was the favorite hymn of a company of forty Japanese young men who had accepted Christ and pledged themselves to loyalty to his cause. One of the group tells an interesting story in connection with their use of it:

An American soldier was invited by the Japanese

government to teach miltary tactics to her subjects. He was not a missionary, but he was a devoted Christian and had a strong desire to lead the boys to Christ. He made no effort to learn the Japanese language but used the English only in his teaching. So, of course, he could not talk Christianity much at first, but as soon as the boys began to understand the English and could talk to him, he began to have them commit Bible verses, and teach them about the true God and Christ. He had the young men come to his home on Saturday evenings. On Sunday mornings he preached to them, his sermons sometimes being two or three hours long. Through his preaching about a dozen of them were converted.

A great revival broke out. Bible classes were formed, and the work went on gloriously, largely through the work of the boys. The Confucian teachers became enraged, and persecution followed, but about forty of the young men were determined to hold on. One day these forty Christian boys went up a little hill called Hanaoka (Mount of Flowers). Under an old tree at the top of the hill these boys had a meeting, dedicating themselves to the service of Christ. After signing a pledge to preach the gospel throughout the Empire they sang several hymns. Having no Japanese hymns as yet they sang English hymns which the American soldier had taught them, their favorite being, "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken." "Here at the top of the 'Mount of Flowers' they took up their cross, determined to follow Jesus, even unto death."

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1822	Joseph P. Holbrook	1888
1798	S. B. Marsh	1875

This is Wesley's masterpiece. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I would rather have written this hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earthly thrones. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

While a variety of statements have been chronicled pertaining to the origin of this hymn, yet nothing can be given as authentic. It has the following pretty legendary origin: One day while Mr. Wesley was sitting in his study, a hawk-pursued and storm-tossed bird flew through the open window and sought refuge on his bosom. With one hand shielding the bird, with the other he wrote the hymn.

Some years ago a lady in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, in conversation with her pastor made the statement that her grandmother was the heroine of this incident: Charles Wesley was preaching in County Down, Ireland, when he was attacked by a number of men who did not approve of his doctrines. He sought safety in a house located on what was known as the Island Band farm. The farmer's wife, Jane Lowrie Moore, told him to hide in the spring-house in the garden. The mob soon came and demanded the evangelist. Mrs.

Moore sought to quiet them by offering them refreshments. Going to the milk-house she directed Wesley to get through the rear window and hide under the hedge by which ran a little brook. He did so, and it was here that he wrote the hymn.

Whether it was a narrow escape from death in a storm at sea, a bird taking refuge in his bosom, or an attack by men who disapproved of his doctrines, that suggested this, one of the richest and sweetest of all hymns, true it is that, as expressed by Nicholas Smith, in *Hymns Historically Famous,* "Wesley was in the completeness of his powers on every great occasion, and times of trouble brought forth his best hymns."

This hymn proclaims the saving love of Jesus. Sin pursues men in many forms. It also teaches that, "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." Dr. Cuyler says: "The central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Savior. The figures of speech vary but not the thought."

In the State of Vermont, a minister, a stranger to the congregation, was filling a vacancy, for a Sabbath service, in a cold, dreary church. When he entered it the wind was howling, the windows and the loose clapboards were rattling. The preacher stood in the high pulpit; there was no stove; only a few persons were present, and they were beating their hands and feet to keep from freezing. He asked himself, "Can I preach? Of what use will it be? What shall I do? Can these few people sing the words if I read a

hymn?" He concluded to try it, and read "Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly." They commenced, and the sound of a female voice produced an indescribably pleasing sensation. He was warmed, inside and out. He says: "Never did I preach with more satisfaction to myself." This lesson was impressed upon him: Never to be discouraged by unfavorable appearances, but, where duty calls, go to work cheerfully, without wavering.

An aged sailor who had lived a life of wickedness, had come ashore to die. All the efforts made by kind friends to awaken him to the realization of a needed spiritual blessing, proved in vain, for it only made him angry. It was a warm, sunny day. The window was open. Beneath it sat a little girl playing in the sand and singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The child kept on singing and playing, and the sailor kept on listening and thinking. At last he turned toward the window, and for some time the tears washed the wrinkles of his face. Then bowing low his head he murmured: *"My mother used to sing that song."* With the song came the recollection of a mother's instruction, the scenes of innocent childhood, the realization of fruitless years of manhood, and the result was that the rough old sailor became gentle as the little child who led him into fully trusting in the merits of the Pilot of life's sea.

"Refuge," by Holbrook, and "Martyn," by Marsh, are soul-refreshing in their musical interpretation, and both are worthy of this noble hymn.

JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME

1818	Edward Hopper	1888
1822	John E. Gould	1875

This beautiful sea song was first published in the *Sailors' Magazine* in 1871. The author, Dr. Hopper, was a resident of New York City nearly all his life, and for sixteen years was pastor of "The Church of Sea and Land." This hymn with its striking word pictures and simple melody was written for seafaring men and through its influence many a mariner has chosen Jesus as the supreme Pilot of his life.

Mr. Gould, who composed the music, was also a conductor of music, a compiler and publisher of books for Sunday-school and church, and a piano dealer in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was associated in this business with William G. Fischer, who wrote the music for "I Love to Tell the Story." Mr. Gould was born in Bangor, Maine, and died in Algiers, Africa.

When Major D. W. Whittle (1840-1901) went to minister to the soldiers in camp at Tampa, Florida, he tried to comfort a dying young man by singing this beautiful hymn. "O, that sounds good," said the youth. And at his request the Major sang it several times. Finally the boy asked: "Will Jesus be my Pilot into the haven of rest?" Being told that Jesus would, he replied: "Then I will trust him with all my heart."

This fine hymn represents life as a voyage upon the sea with Jesus as the Pilot. Jesus provides the

"chart and compass," and will avoid for his children the menacing difficulties ahead. He is "Sov'reign of the sea," and at his command the "Boisterous waves obey." He who accepts Jesus as Pilot can be happy in the assurance that he will reach "the shore" of the land of "the peaceful rest."

JESUS SHALL REIGN

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1795	Charles H. Zeurner	1857

This hymn, which is full of prophetic import, is a paraphrase of part of Psalm 72. In every land where Christian missionaries are found, this hymn is sung.

A native king of the South Sea Islands became converted under the preaching of Christian missionaries. Under his direction a Christian constitution was substituted for a pagan one, at the ceremony of which five thousand subjects joined in singing the hymn,

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run."

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

1091	Bernard of Clairvaux	1153

From the original, "Jesu, Dulcis Memoria," consisting of fifty Latin stanzas, translations have been made into the English by Edward Caswell (1814-1878), J. M. Neale (1818-1866) and others, and from these the stanzas which we use in modern worship are se-

lected. It is said that the soldiers and knights used to sing this hymn as they kept their guard around the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. "No other poem," says Julian, the historian, "in any language has furnished so many hymns of sterling worth and well-deserved popularity to English and American hymnology."

Bernard was a Cistercian monk. He was educated in the Paris University, and was a man of more than ordinary ability, so that his counsel was sought by those in high position.

The incomparable sweetness of the name of Jesus fills the heart of every true follower of the "Savior of mankind." Jesus is kind "to those that fall," and the "hope of every contrite heart," but the acme of the sweetness of his love comes into the life of him who opens the door of his heart and lets the Savior in. May Jesus be our "only joy," our prize, "our glory now and through eternity."

JOYFULLY

1811	William Hunter	1877
1796	A. Dow Merrill	1878

"Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,"

is the most popular of Dr. Hunter's one hundred and twenty-five hymns, probably written in 1842. Securely linked with Merrill's revival melody, this Methodist chanson has beautified the way for multitudes "Bound to the land of bright spirits above," and at the end

of the road become a chariot of transporting joy to many for whom "Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb" and are now "Joyfully, joyfully resting at home."

JOY TO THE WORLD

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1685	George F. Handel	1759

We rejoice because the Lord came to this world. We are happy because he reigns. We believe that he is able to banish sin and sorrow. We believe that all nations shall acknowledge him as King of kings and Lord of lords. So we can sing this hymn to the joy of our hearts.

"Joy to the World, the Lord is Come" is the second part of Dr. Watts' version of the ninety-eighth Psalm written in 1719. His theme is "The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom." When the Esthonians formed their legend of the origin of song they said: "The god of song descended on the Domberg, where was a sacred wood, and there he played and sang. Around him stood the creatures, and each learned its own portion of the celestial strain. The tree discovered how to rustle the leaves, and the brook how to murmur along its bed, and the wind and the bird and the beast alike caught the parts assigned them. Man only, of them all, was able to combine everything, and, therefore, man alone can rightly praise." So the combination of these most spiritual words by Dr. Watts makes this hymn a song of praise to God that proves to be a

heavenly uplift to all creation. The tune "Antioch," an adaptation from Handel's "Messiah," has become the inseparable companion of this great hymn.

Dr. Isaac Watts was an English Congregationalist minister. As a child he was undersized, but intellectually he was above the ordinary. He began the study of Latin at the age of four, and wrote poetry at seven. Even after he grew to manhood he was small in body and not at all prepossessing in appearance. A certain gentleman, being introduced to the distinguished scholar and author, in a public place, was astonished, and stammered out, "What! do you mean to tell me that *this* is the great Dr. Watts?" The story says that the annoyed, but ever-graceful Doctor, turned upon his critic and said:

> "Were I so tall to reach the pole,
> Or grasp the ocean with a span,
> I must be measured by my soul:
> The mind's the standard of the man."

JUST AS I AM

1789	Charlotte Elliott	1871
1816	W. B. Bradbury	1868

The author, Miss Elliott, was an English lady, born and reared amid culture and refinement, and in the environment of poetry and music. In 1821 she suffered a severe illness, from which she never fully recovered. About a year later she became acquainted with Dr. Cæsar Malan, a distinguished preacher of

Geneva, Switzerland. Dr. Malan was dining at the Elliott home one evening, and while they were at the table he incidentally remarked that he hoped she was a Christian. She resented his searching question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. The minister replied with his usual sweetness of manner that he would not pursue the subject if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him. Later the young lady apologized for her abrupt statement, and confessed that his question had troubled her. "But I do not know how to find Christ," she said. "I want you to help me." "Come to Him just as you are," said Dr. Malan. He little thought that one day his gentle reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.

The tune which so beautifully interprets the hymn's sentiment was composed by Mr. Bradbury, the pioneer in popularizing the Sunday-school and gospel-hymn style of music.

This "consecration story" coming from a Christian home tells of how a daughter, whose inherited artistic talents were enriched by a careful education, was for a time unwilling to let the Christ rule in her life. One evening she was on her way to a ballroom when she met the pastor of the church she sometimes attended. The minister spoke to her, asking her to return and go to the prayer meeting. She replied she could not, and went on her way. However, for her the evening was not a pleasant one. Her friends did

not prove interesting as heretofore; the music, as it flooded the decorated apartments, failed to enliven, so she requested to be taken home early in the evening. At once she sought her room, lit her candle, placed it on her study table, and kneeling there convicted of sin and feeling her need of Christ as her personal Savior, she sang: "O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

One evening, after a very masterly sermon had been delivered in the college chapel at North Manchester, Indiana, the invitation was given to accept Christ. A hymn was sung; but while there seemed to be a deep spiritual breathing, there was no visible manifestation of power. The hymn "Just as I am" was chosen and the "consecration story" told. While singing stanza after stanza, nine precious young people were given strength "to come."

Would it not be a beautiful bit of history for the Christian could he know what was the form of tune to which the grand old 114th Psalm was sung at the Passover, and if this was the one our blessed Lord and His disciples sang that memorable night in the Upper Room on Mt. Zion? But we are so glad to know that they did sing. Mr. Forder, of Jerusalem, Palestine, and author of "Ventures among the Arabs," courteously extended an invitation to a group of Christian tourists to hold their Communion services in his home. For this particular denomination this was the first service of its kind ever held in the city of its institution. After surrounding the Lord's table, the first hymn sung was, "Just as I am, without one plea."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

1801	John Henry Newman	1890
1823	John B. Dykes	1876

This hymn, breathing "sincerity of feeling and purity of expression," was written on Sunday, June 16, 1833, while Mr. Newman was on a voyage on the historical waters of the Mediterranean, sailing from Palermo to Marseilles. He was struggling with a severe sickness, and at the same time was passing through a deep religious experience, watching with intense interest the Oxford movement, which was then being agitated among his home churches and which finally, in 1845, caused him to identify himself with the Roman Catholics.

When a friend suggested to Newman that it must be a great pleasure to know that he had written such a popular hymn, he replied: "But you see it is not the hymn but the tune that has gained the popularity." "Lux Benigna" was composed by Dr. Dykes, who ranks among England's best musicians, and his musical interpretation has doubtless added to the hymn's favoritism. Dykes states that the tune came to him while walking through the Strand in London, in 1865.

This was the favorite hymn of three great people —William Gladstone, Frances Willard and William McKinley. Probably one reason it is such a general favorite is because of its universality of appeal—touching hearts and whispering at some time or other, in some degree, the life experience of us all.

A captain in the World War was under treatment in a hospital for shell shock. The first day he was able to be out of bed he went to the piano and began to play softly. Soon a nurse came to him and said that one of her patients wished to speak to him. The captain says, "He asked me if I could play a hymn for him. He said he would like to hear 'Lead, Kindly Light.' I played it as softly and gently as I could. It was his last request. He died an hour later. I was very glad I had learned that hymn at home as a boy."

LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

1858 A. J. Showalter
1839 E. A. Hoffman

From the well-known southern author, Mr. Showalter, comes the following history of his widely-used composition:

"While I was conducting a musical normal at Hartsells, Alabama, I received a letter from two of my former pupils in South Carolina, conveying the sad intelligence that on the same day each of them had buried his wife. These ladies had also been pupils of mine, and with their husbands were earnest workers for Christ. I tried to console these men by writing a letter that might prove helpful in their hour of sadness. Among other Scriptures, I quoted this passage, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' Before completing the writing of the sentence the thought came to me that the fact that we may lean on these ever-

lasting arms and find comfort and strength, ought to be put in a song; and before finishing the letter, the words and music making the refrain were written. The manuscript was sent to the hymn writer, Elisha A. Hoffman, asking him to write the first part of the song, using the words, 'Leaning on the everlasting arms,' as alternate lines, so as to emphasize that thought. In a few days Mr. Hoffman's completion of the hymn was received and at once published, and started on its mission. It has been reprinted in nearly five hundred different gospel song books."

Mr. Showalter is one of the many whose musical training started in the country singing class and rose to eminence by taking advantage of every opportunity to improve by diligent study and hard work. Mr. Showalter's father was a singing class teacher.

LIST! OH, LIST!

Probably there is more truth than most people stop to consider in the statement that there is no form of literature that so clings to the memory as a hymn. The hymns that are sung by the mother in the home, the hymns that are the first experiences of a child's memory, often continue unforgotten into old age, and are recalled under the strangest circumstances.

Some years ago there was made in Rome, Italy, an interesting piece of statuary by an American sculptor, bearing the title of "List! Oh, List!" The history connected with it is this:

A number of Indians made a raid into a village of one of the States, burned the buildings, killed many of the inhabitants and took away with them a little white girl. The mother of the child was heartbroken. She kept watching and waiting for some means of rescue. Years passed, when she heard that her child was living with a certain tribe many miles away. The mother journeyed over hill and prairie, marsh and river until she reached the place where the white maiden was. But seemingly the child had become Indianized. She had quite forgotten her mother and her love was given to the squaw of the woods. When she tried to go near to her daughter, the young woman drew away so that the disappointed mother knew not what to do. At last she sat down and began to sing a sweet lullaby with which she had always sung her little one to sleep. At first the maiden listened carelessly, but after repeated efforts the old tune began to speak to her in its own language, and the maiden stood still, intently listening. It was in this attitude that the sculptor carved his study. The sequel of the story is that after a little while of listening, the lullaby unlocked the cells of memory, and the mother was clasped in the arms of her happy child.

LO! HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1718	John Cennick	1755

The prediction of this impending hour in the world's history—"the return of Christ to set up His kingdom"—is in this hymn graphically described. The soul of Charles Wesley was filled with song, and the overflow "poured from his lips and gifted pen in a steady stream," proclaiming the glory and love of God, picturing Jesus in His life, death, resurrection and coming. "Thank God," says Dr. James M. Gray, "the day is coming when His glory shall fill the earth."

How the Christian world should rejoice that He is coming again! The Bridegroom coming to claim His bride! The King of kings coming to reign—for "of His government and peace there shall be no end." Coming as The Wonderful, The Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace!

MORE TO FOLLOW

1838	P. P. Bliss	1876

The following incident is said to have prompted Mr. Bliss to write this hymn. A vast fortune was left in the hands of a minister for one of his parishioners. Fearing he might squander it, the wise minister sent him a little at a time, with this announcement: "This is thine: use it wisely: there is more to follow."

At a church service in Iowa, one Sunday morning, a lady asked to be baptized by triune immersion. She said: "I thought I was doing my duty, but I find there is more to follow. Won't you please sing,

'Have you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow.'"

MOVE FORWARD

G. W. Crofts

1850 D. B. Towner 1919

D. L. Moody and D. B. Towner were to hold a meeting at Council Bluffs, Iowa. The train was late and when they reached the station the committee was there with the intelligence that the opera house was overflowing and people clamoring for the service to begin. When they reached the place they found a great throng on the outside, and it required a policeman to enable them to enter. The house was full but only a few on the stage. Mr. Moody with his usual keen observation took in the situation and said to those on the stage, "Move forward and let the people fill up the stage." G. W. Crofts, a minister, was present, and as quick as a flash he out with his pencil and wrote this rallying song. It was printed in the morning papers, and before ten o'clock Dr. Towner had written the music.

MUST I GO AND EMPTY HANDED?

1847	C. C. Luther
1846	George C. Stebbins

"After a month of Christian life, nearly all of it spent upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: 'No, I am not afraid. Jesus saves me now; but oh, must I go and empty handed?'"

This incident was told by the evangelist, A. G. Upham, during a series of meetings in C. C. Luther's church. It so impressed Mr. Luther that he at once wrote the hymn and a few days later handed the verses to Mr. Stebbins, who composed the music to which it has always been sung.

MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

1665	Thomas Shepherd	1739
1812	George N. Allen	1877

The Christian world has been abundantly blessed by the vitality of this hymn, which was written by a clergyman in Essex, England, two centuries ago. Its spiritual warmth and richness is nobly emphasized by the golden melody of "Maitland," composed by George N. Allen, in 1849, while living at Oberlin, Ohio.

This hymn has been termed "a personal New Testament." A group of Bible students going about in Jerusalem, with Bible and hymn book, came to the

"Street of Sorrows," and at the station numbered as the place where the Man of Galilee fell beneath the weight of his cross, softly sang:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me."

In the first stanza the question and answer are of vital concern to every human soul. Following this, then, is the "song of resolve and triumph." Is it any wonder that this hymn, so full of Christian truth, is one among those that live?

MY DAYS ARE GLIDING SWIFTLY BY

1793	David Nelson	1844
1820	George F. Root	1895

This hymn was written under circumstances which bordered upon the tragical. While operating a plantation in Missouri, in the days of negro slavery, Rev. Nelson heard an address on the evils of slavery which caused him to change his views, as is verified by his own words: "I will live on roast potatoes and salt before I will hold slaves!" This enraged the slaveholders in his community and he had to flee for his life. After going through woods and swamp for three days and nights he came to the banks of the Mississippi River, where he concealed himself in a clump of bushes. From this place he was rescued by friends on the opposite side of the river. While waiting in his

hiding place the swiftly gliding river suggested the thought of the lines which he wrote on the back of a letter. Rev. Nelson was afterwards employed by the Home Missionary Society, and took part in the anti-slavery agitation.

Dr. Root, the composer of the music, was one day working at a set of songs for singing classes when his mother, passing by, handed him a clipping from a religious newspaper, suggesting that the words might be good for music. Mr. Root says: "I looked at the poem, which began, 'My days are gliding swiftly by,' and a simple melody sang itself along in my mind as I read. I jotted it down and went on with my work. That was the origin of the music to 'The Shining Shore.'"

This hymn represents a full resignation to life's conditions and a hopeful look heavenward. Man's abode on earth is brief. Yonder beautiful shore is not far away, and may be discerned as "Our friends are passing over." Our Lord has gone to prepare a place for us, and has left us word to be ready for His coming.

"We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heav'nly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning."

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

1808	Ray Palmer	1887
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

This gem, which is certainly one of the choicest contributed by American genius to the hymnology of the Christian church, was written during the winter of 1830 in New York City, where the author was at the time teaching in a select school for young ladies. Written in the back of one of Dr. Palmer's books is found the following history:

"It had no external occasion whatever. Having been accustomed from childhood, through an inherited propensity, perhaps, to the occasional expression of what my heart felt, in the form of verse, it was in accordance with this habit, and in an hour when Christ in the richness of His grace and love was so vividly apprehended as to fill the soul with deep emotion, that these lines were written. There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all writing a hymn for Christian worship. In the quiet of my room, and with a deep consciousness of my own needs I transcribed as faithfully as I could to paper what, at the time, was passing within me. When writing the last verse, 'A ransomed soul,' the thought that the whole work of redemption and salvation was involved in those words, suggested the theme of eternal praise, and moved me to a degree of emotion that brought abundant tears.

"A year or two after this, Dr. Mason met me in

Boston and asked me for a few hymns. The little book containing the hymn was shown him, and he asked for a copy. We stepped into a store and a copy was given him. On looking it over at his home, he became interested and wrote for it the tune 'Olivet.' Two or three days afterward we met again in the street, when, scarcely waiting to salute me, he earnestly exclaimed: 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.'"

When Queen Victoria laid aside her earthly crown and was about to go to sleep for the last time, she distinctly repeated:

> "My faith looks up to thee,
> Thou Lamb of Calvary."

A number of Christian men and women visited the remarkably preserved catacombs of Rome. Just before going back to the beautiful sunlight, they assembled in a cubiculum for worship. These were sacred moments. Sounds of weeping mingled with the music; tears trickled down the face of the aged Bishop from Iowa. Years can not rob the memory-framed picture of that impressive scene, while with such environments they sang this hymn of faith.

MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT

1672	Benjamin Schmolke	1737
1786	Carl von Weber	1826

While fulfilling his duties as pastor for thirty-six years, there came from the pen of this fertile writer about nine hundred church hymns, besides many for special occasions. He received his education for the ministry through the help of a wealthy man who was so well pleased with a sermon he heard him preach in his youth that he proffered this assistance.

Weber, the writer of the sweet melody, came of musical parents, his father being an excellent violinist, and his mother a singer of note. Though handicapped by poverty and neglect, owing to his father's dissipation and thriftlessness, Carl Maria von Weber became one of the master composers of Europe. This melody, arranged from one of Weber's works by Joseph P. Holbrook, gives an exquisite interpretation of this prayer-hymn. Weber died in London where he had gone to conduct the first presentation of his beautiful opera "Oberon." Among the last words he uttered was the wish that he might go back to his home, "and then God's will be done." That wish and the sentiment of Schmolke's hymn belong together.

Happy the man in whose heart the sentiments of these words find sympathetic response and agreement.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

1805	Sarah Flower Adams	1848
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

It is claimed by some writers that a close reading of Jacob's vision at Bethel, recorded in Genesis 28: 10-22, prompted Mrs. Adams to write the hymn. Others are inclined to believe that sorrow resulting from the death of members of her family inspired her words. Whatever the prompting may have been, if grief, or joy, she has built a Bethel in the domain of sacred song that will stand forever. The following bit of family history always proves interesting:

For defending the French Revolution and criticising the political conduct of a certain bishop now forgotten, Benjamin Flower was fined one hundred pounds and sent to Newgate for six months. While there he met Miss Eliza Gould who visited at the institution for the purpose of ministering to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the prisoners. Thus was laid the foundation of an acquaintance which resulted in their marriage.

At an early age the two Flower daughters, Eliza and Sarah, were left motherless; but their father, who was editor and proprietor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer,* personally directed their education. Both were brilliant. Sarah was unusually gifted in literature, while Eliza was musical and wrote the music for many of her sister's poems. It is said that Sarah was Robert Browning's first love. However, in 1834 she married

William Bridges Adams, a man of "scientific and literary attainments and widely known as a civil engineer."

When their father died the daughters became the wards of their pastor, W. J. Fox, a noted London preacher, and editor of a magazine among whose contributors were found the names of Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, Leigh Hunt and Sarah Flower. In "Hymns and Anthems," published by Mr. Fox, 1840-41, are found thirteen hymns by Sarah Flower Adams, one being "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

While this hymn has been unfavorably criticised because its author was a Unitarian, and her verses unorthodox because of the lack of reference to Christ as Redeemer of the world, yet it is one of the most revered and ofttimes sung hymns among all classes and conditions of the people of the world. The following lines are considered by some historians as a sixth stanza, written by Mrs. Adams, and not found in the hymn books. We quote from Dr. Duffield, who says: "The compilers of the Baptist Hymn Book (England) were so ill pleased with this omission of the name of Christ, that they secured the services of Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell to make the lyric perfect by verses of his own, as follows:

"Christ alone beareth me
Where thou dost shine;
Joint-Heir he maketh me
Of the Divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'"

"This hymn," says Dr. Banks, "is always sung by caravans of pilgrims from Christian lands, when, in making the tour of Palestine, they camp at Bethel, near the scene of Jacob's vision."

Miss Ellen Stone says this hymn was a great comfort and strength to her when she was a captive of murderous brigands. She could not help but sing it, although scarcely above a whisper!

During a service of song in Waterloo, Iowa, the director noticed in the rear of the room, a little old lady seated in a comfortable rocker. When asked if she would name her favorite hymn, her face beamed with pleasure and immediately she replied: "'Nearer, my God, to thee.' Yes, dear, I am eighty-one years old and I have always liked this hymn best." Time for dismissal came. After a few words pertaining to the richness of standard church hymns and the place they hold in the hearts of our aged people, this hymn was announced and with a notable sweetness of voice and reverence of attitude, did this aged pilgrim join in the singing of these precious words.

Since 1901, when the assassin's bullet struck down our beloved President, William McKinley, this hymn has been doubly dear to the hearts of the American people. As the third martyr-President lay dying in Buffalo, New York, among his last words he whispered—

"Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee."

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

1834	S. Baring-Gould	1924
1838	J. Barnby	1896

In the downstairs room of a cottage at Horbury Bridge, Baring-Gould, assisted by an old muffin man and wool comber, held a night school every evening during the winter of 1864. Every Sunday in the room above religious services were conducted. The audience soon outgrew the room and in 1865 Mr. Gould opened the "Mission Chapel." It was for this congregation of miners, millworkers and their families that Sabine Baring-Gould wrote,

"Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh."

While the hymn is generally used for vesper singing it is appropriate for funeral services, and especially beautiful when sung to Barnby's contemplative music.

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

1859	Katharine Lee Bates	
1847	Samuel A. Ward	1903

This beautiful hymn, visualizing the beauties and wealth of nature, was inspired by the author's visit to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, and carrying in her mind's eye the splendor of the White City as she journeyed on to Colorado; and then at last standing on the summit of Pike's Peak, and getting a view of the far-spreading panorama below the spacious skies.

America with her beautiful, waving grain fields, her majestic mountains and her beautiful lakes and rivers, has no peer among all the nations of the world. What a challenge to her citizens to keep her beautiful in appearance, pure in morals and Christ-like in her dealings!

O COULD I SPEAK THE MATCHLESS WORTH

1738	Samuel Medley	1799
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

This worshipful hymn, which touches the sublime, was written by a prodigal sailor after his conversion. About the year 1776 Mr. Medley began to preach the gospel story and was a devoted and faithful Baptist minister until death. He was so filled with the Christ-love that he would gather the poor people in the hall which he rented, and there tell them the old, sweet story, pleading with them to live noble and godly lives. He would write hymns, and although printed in a crude way, he would give them to a poor woman who would sell them for a penny apiece to the people as they came and went, thus helping to support herself. His labor of love was not in vain. The writing of this hymn alone bespeaks " the matchless worth " of a soul dedicated " to sound the glories forth Which in my Savior shine. "

O what a joy to be able to sing from a consecrated, worshipful heart, these ardent words! The feeling of rapture in the anticipation will be consummated in the realization " When my dear Lord will bring me home."

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

1807	Christopher Wordsworth	1885
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

This is eminently a Sabbath Day hymn. In a wonderful way it breathes the spirit of worship and praise. The doctrine of the Trinity is forcefully portrayed. This day should bring to mind, as expressed in the second verse, the Creator of Light, the resurrection of our Savior and the sending of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. This is the day when, in a special way, heavenly blessings fall upon men and nations. It is a call to worship, and an invitation to God's children to partake of the "living water, flowing with soul-refreshing streams."

Christopher was the youngest of three brothers, all of them bright chaps, evidently. Their father was Master of Trinity College, and each of the boys won a university prize. The author of this hymn was a man of pronounced opinion, and a strict adherent to the Church of England, and while he could be cordial with the Methodist ministers he could not agree that they should wear the title Reverend. His opinions about hymns were also very decided. He fully appreciated the function of hymnody in maintaining the doctrines of the Church in the hearts and minds of her members. He deprecated the tendency to a lack of reverence for Christian hymns, and the seeming endeavor "to charm the ear with mere musical jingle instead of edifying the mind and warming the heart." He thought, too,

that many of our modern hymns make too much of our personal feelings and not enough of God and his glory.

The following reminiscence from a friend of the bishop gives information concerning the origin of the hymn: "I was with him in his library when he put his arms in mine, saying, 'Come upstairs with me; the ladies are going to sing a hymn to encourage your labors for God's holy day.' We all then sang from the manuscript this hymn. I was in raptures with it. It was some days before I knew it was written by himself."

Christopher Wordsworth was a nephew of the poet William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

O FOR A HEART TO LOVE MY GOD

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1792	Robert Simpson	1832

This heart-searching poem was written in 1742 and first appeared in 1743. It is based on the words from the fifty-first Psalm—"Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." The original consists of eight stanzas.

For our modern worship we might not even think of associating the old choral style "Balerma" with our Sunday-school music, and yet in its day it was greatly enjoyed by the young people.

Mr. Simpson, a composer of psalmody, was of Scottish birth.

In "English Hymns" the writer tells of an aged

Congregational minister and his wife who had debated the question of "Christian perfection," and who finally made up their minds that, if it consisted in the ability to sing this hymn with the whole heart, they and the Methodists were not far asunder!

"Some people think they should obey the brain and not the heart. One day a boy who had decided to put 'think' through his brain and not through his heart, did something that was wrong, and it made his mother cry. So he took one of her tears to his chemistry teacher, and found by analysis that it was composed of phospate of lime and soda. This boy went home and told his mother that when she cried she was wasting her lime and soda.

"There was another boy who saw a tear on his mother's cheek, and something not only went through his brain, but also through his heart, and he knew that his mother's tear was composed of love and sympathy. He put his arms about his mother's neck and said: 'Mother, I am sorry. I will not make you cry again.' One boy used brain, the other used both heart and brain.

"Once when Christ visited in Bethany, a woman broke a box of precious ointment and poured it on his head. Those who had only cold brain, said: 'Why this waste?' But the Master said, 'This is not waste, and wheresoever this gospel shall be preached, this story of love shall be told of her.' The broken alabaster box became her monument."

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

After the death of their father in 1735 the two Wesley brothers came to Georgia where Charles became General Oglethorpe's secretary, also finding time to do missionary work among the people. While crossing the Atlantic, by general consent the Wesleys were chosen to lead the religious services held while making the voyage. There were a number of Moravian passengers. A storm was encountered, but the quiet confidence of the Moravians was so marked, even when the peril was greatest—death threatening—that the impression received by Wesley caused him upon his return to London to seek out a Moravian leader who "brought him to a closer view of the gospel." His brother John also "came into the light" through the guidance of Peter Bohler.

It was a bright May morning in 1738 when "peace" sang its song in his life, and one year later he wrote this lyric in commemoration of his conversion.

If every professing Christian would just use the one tongue that has been given him in voicing his Redeemer's praise, what an awakening reveille would be heard, what a revival of redemptive power for the "kingdom come" business would be seen and felt!

Singing Christ for Christ's sake makes the Word "spirit and life," as the following mediæval legend illustrates:

Once there were seven good men who determined to forsake the ways of the world and dedicate their lives to the service of God. They had no building suitable for their purpose so they decided to worship God in a beautiful forest far from the haunts of men. Being old and destitute of musical ability, their abbot instructed them to repeat instead of sing their chants, except the Magnificat, which they were told to chant in the best manner they could.

One day a stranger possessing a well-trained voice spoke to them and asked to be permitted to join them in singing. They were only too glad to grant his request, for their unmelodious chant was so dreadful it frightened away the birds. The old men mentally thanked God that now the Magnificat would be sung aright and therefore in a manner acceptable to Him.

But did they know? The stranger's thoughts were upon himself and his beautiful voice and because of this wrong the song could not be heard in Heaven. At the close of the service an angel appeared to the little group inquiring why no praise had been offered up as heretofore. Then were the eyes of the old monks opened, for they discerned that it was not beautiful music alone that God required, but above everything else, *the praise of the heart.*

O GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE

1818	Robert Morris	1888
1834	H. R. Palmer	1907

One day while Robert Morris, LL. D., was resting on the ruins of the supposed site of Capernaum on the shore of the sea of Galilee, this song of charm and beauty formulated itself in his mind. He sent the words to his friend Dr. H. R. Palmer, who added his heart-tune in 1874.

H. R. Palmer was left, in his early youth, to struggle through life alone. His natural musical endowment became manifest in his boyhood days. He sang in his father's choir when he was nine years old, and at eighteen he began to conduct and compose music. By hard, unremitting study he acquired proficiency in various departments of music. Dr. Palmer gave much of his life to the conducting of music schools, conventions and festivals. Many of his compositions, in some of which he wrote both words and music, have proven their helpfulness and are widely used. Dr. Palmer wrote extensively on theoretical subjects. He was born in Sherburne, New York, and died at his home at Park Hill-on-the-Hudson.

O HAPPY DAY

1702	Philip Doddridge	1751
1816	Edward F. Rimbault	1876

How dear to the memory of many is the old-time meetinghouse with its old-time hymns and tunes!

Who can forget how bench and floor seemed to vibrate when devout souls with untrained voices were lifted throneward, singing with heartfelt rapture the old-time favorite—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior, and my God."

Of the many hymns written by Doddridge, this one has made more history than any of the others. The secret of its popularity may lie in the fact that it expresses joy in personal dedication to God. The hymn has always been a favorite revival number and especially so among American churches.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

1835	Phillips Brooks	1893
1831	Lewis H. Redner	1908

This little carol, so full of tenderness, love and praise, was first printed in the program of the Sunday-school Christmas service at the Holy Trinity church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1868. The tune to which it was sung was composed by Mr. Redner, who was at the time organist of that church. His story, as given in *Studies of Familiar Hymns,*[1] by Dr. Louis F. Benson, follows:

"As Christmas of 1868 approached, Mr. Brooks told me that he had written a simple little carol for the Christmas Sunday-school service, and he asked me

[1] The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

to write the tune to it. We were to practice it on the following Sunday. Mr. Brooks came to me on Friday, and said, 'Redner, have you ground out that music yet for "O Little Town of Bethelehem"?' I replied 'No,' but that he should have it by Sunday. On the Saturday night previous my brain was all confused about the tune. But I was roused from my sleep in the night hearing an angel strain whispering in my ear, and seizing a piece of music paper I jotted down the treble of the tune as we now have it, and on Sunday morning before going to church I filled in the harmony."

We are also indebted to Dr. Benson for the following tribute to Mr. Redner's personality:

"Mr. Redner was a fine type of a man. The last time I saw him was on a street car. Two foreigners were on the car and got very much confused over their money and the street car fare. The conductor was about to put them off, when in the kindest and most thoughtful manner possible, Mr. Redner went over and soon straightened out the difficulty. I have often recalled the experience with pleasure. He frequently spoke in our Holland Memorial Presbyterian Church, of which I was then an Elder, and we all entertained for him the highest regard. He was for many years the organist of the Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, 19th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia."

Bishop Phillips Brooks came of a long line of Puritan ancestors. In 1861 he became rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, Pennsyl-

vania. Here he served until 1869, when, yielding to his yearnings for his home town and the many calls from there, he accepted the rectorship of the Trinity Church of Boston. Here is where he did the great work of his life.

O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO

1842	George Matheson	1906
1844	Albert L. Peace	1912

No singer will ever sound the depths until he has suffered. When Dr. Matheson wrote a letter to his fiancée offering to release her from her covenant of love on account of his certain blindness, the young poet-preacher went to his desk and there, in the Gethsemane of his life, wrote the immortal

> "O love that wilt not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in Thee."

Victory over his impending affliction found expression in this prayer of resignation:

> "O Light that followest all my way,
> I yield my flickering torch to Thee."

Looking beyond he traces "the rainbow through the rain," and from the garden of sorrow he catches the gleam of the Cross victorious, and triumphantly sings:

> "I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red—
> Life that shall endless be."

"My God, I have never thanked thee for my thorn. I have thanked thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross; but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow."—*George Matheson.*

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

1824	Phœbe Cary	1871
1834	Philip Phillips	1895

One beautiful Sunday morning in 1852, after returning from church service to the home of a friend where she was visiting, Miss Cary sought seclusion in a little back third-story bedroom and there wrote this hymn. It was prompted by the following experience in this gifted girl's life, as related by the author, shortly before her death:

"Before he, my betrothed, went from this world, I had no interest in the other world. I never questioned whether there was an eternity or not. Men talked about it and preached about it, and I read about it but it never struck my heart and never touched my life. I had no desire to know of eternal things. But when he went so suddenly, falling dead in the street, I asked over and over again, 'Is there another world? Will I meet him? Will I live with him forever?' And then I so desired to know."

Alice and Phœbe Cary were born in one of Ohio's little country homes near Cincinnati. Both were poets and their publications being well received by the public they moved to New York City where they continued their literary work; but nothing from the pen of Phœbe Cary so sheds a fragrance of memory around her name as her own heart-song, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Two Americans sat in a gambling den in Hongkong, China. The younger man, waiting while the older one shuffled the cards, carelessly sang a verse of Phœbe Cary's hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." His gray-haired companion gazed at him and with surprise in his voice said: "Where did you learn that song?" The young man replied: "In a Sunday-school in America." Then sweet memories like a flood tide rushed to the older man, who with tear-stained eyes and trembling voice repeated the entire poem. Dashing the cards upon the floor, he said: "Come, Harry, here's what I've won from you: use it to a good purpose. As for me, as God sees me here in China, I have played my last game and taken my last drink. I have misled you, and am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business." Both men returned to their native country and lived lives of honesty and Christian usefulness.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND

1727	Samuel Stennett	1795
1830	T. C. O'Kane	1912

Probably there are very few people who stand upon the banks of the Jordan river, in the Holy Land, and engage in a service of sacred song who have not in their list of appropriate songs this good old favorite. Dr. Stennett was an English Baptist minister and the author of thirty-eight hymns; but this one is his most famous. It has been happily set to music by T. C. O'Kane. It was first published in 1787, and belongs to the class that proves itself ever new.

A party of travel and research stood "on Jordan's rugged banks" with Bible and hymn book ready to engage in a praise service. An elderly American lady who had just arrived with another group of tourists, quickly came over to where they stood, opened her Bible, and said: "O, may I join you in this service? I too want to witness for Him here." They had never met before that moment, but the Bible introduced them, and in this place of sacred story they were akin. How their hearts thrilled as they listened to the reading of the sublime scene of the baptism of Jesus, in this stream, and together lifted their voices in praise.

What a song of triumph it will be when the redeemed of every nation shall gather "on the evergreen shore, sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and dwell with Jesus evermore!"

Mr. O'Kane was graduated from the Ohio Wes-

leyan University, at Delaware, in 1852. For years he was musical precentor in the daily chapel devotions. Though he gave most of his time to teaching other subjects in his Alma Mater, traveled over the country selling organs and pianos and did his musical work as recreation, yet his name found a prominent place among composers of gospel songs. His last spoken word was the "Amen" of the Lord's prayer, while conducting family devotions. Quickly was he called to "the home over there."

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

1834	S. Baring-Gould	1924
1842	Arthur Sullivan	1900

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" is undoubtedly the greatest processional hymn ever written. While the author wrote it especially for boys and girls, yet this war chant of the church, great and universal in its appeal, has so "laid hold on the hearts of men battling for highest ideals" that it has not only found its place in the vast repertoire of the Christian church, but it "has become the heritage of civilization." Since the time of its birth it has echoed through chapel, cathedral and college hall, in every nook and corner of Christendom, gladdened hearts in heathen hovels, and been a baptism of courage in times of doubt and trial. This "battle hymn of Christianity," this pæan of strength, will bring hope and undying faith to millions yet unborn; and while "Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms

rise and wane," men and women redeemed with his precious blood on the cross "Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail."

Whitsuntide follows seven weeks after Easter. Whitmonday in England is a public holiday. On this day in 1865 the children from two villages in Yorkshire united in a school festival. There was to be a procession, and S. Baring-Gould, a young curate of one of the villages, was asked to write a hymn for the children to sing as they marched along. In after years the author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" modestly said: "It was written in great haste. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its great popularity."

It is related that the choirmaster desired to make the exercises of that Whitmonday as impressive as possible and wished to have a cross carried before the band of children. But the Bishop was opposed to outward manifestations, and refused to grant this request. So the young clergyman said: "Very well, boys, leave the cross in the vestry, and we will change the words." So with a self-satisfying command the pleased choirmaster started the children on the march, singing as only children know how, and can sing:

"Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus **left behind the door.**"

The military style of its musical setting by Sir Arthur Sullivan enhances its noble beauty and has always been a decided favorite.

Sabine Baring-Gould has written no fewer than one hundred and forty books, and up to the time of his "Now the Day Is Over," he was recognized as "an active and aggressive factor in the religious and literary world."

Mr. Gould, the heir to Lew-Trenchard Manor, with its three thousand acres, fell in love with a Horbury mill hand. He had her educated at York and then married her. After nearly fifty years' married life, Baring-Gould inscribed on her granite cross the words, "Half my soul." His favorite picture was that of Grace Taylor, the mill girl, with a shawl over her head.

The dominant note in this hymn is that of victory and triumph. The Christian is represented as a soldier and the church as an army. This imagery is Scriptural. Christ is the Captain, the cross the banner. The sentiment is optimistic throughout, notwithstanding the difficulties that must be met. The strength of the church lies in unity.

O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

1091	St. Bernard of Clairvaux	1153
1564	Hans Leo Hassler	1612

This classical hymn which, as Dr. Philip Schaff says, "portrays the dying love of our Savior, and our boundless indebtedness to him," was first written in Latin by St. Bernard of Clairvaux. About 1656 Paul Gerhardt published a German version, and in 1830 Dr.

James Alexander, an American Presbyterian, translated it into English.

There is a picture in which the artist has shown the child Jesus, just freed from Joseph's grasp, taking his first tottering steps to his mother. In steadying himself he has thrown out his arms, and there on the ground before him is the shadow of a cross. A shadow then; but there came a day when it stood out distinctly, a rough, wooden thing of pain and shame. As the baby feet did not turn in affright from the shadow, so the brave, patient feet of the Savior of men swerved not from the trail that led to Calvary.

"Many things which your Christianity contains I find in my Hindooism, but there is one thing which Christianity has and Hindooism has not," said a young Brahmin to a missionary. "What is that?" asked the missionary. The reply was: "A Savior."

OUT OF THE SHADOW LAND

1840 Ira D. Sankey 1908

There is an exalted glory permeating this hymn of optimistic faith in "the life everlasting," which was written by Mr. Sankey for the memorial services held for D. L. Moody in Carnegie Hall. "It was," said Mr. Sankey, "the last sacred song of which I wrote both words and music."

D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey both were unique in their united field of gospel story and song. Of Mr. Sankey's gospel hymns a certain writer has said: "The

solace they have brought in sorrow, the inspiration in moments of despondency, the strength in the hour of weakness, proves that they are, after all, not to be judged by the strict canons of musical and literary art. In their own field, they are a law unto themselves. Many a man who can coolly dissect poetry and music of far higher technical excellence and can lay his finger unerringly upon the flaws, would hesitate to subject these hymns to critical analysis, for behind the words may lie a world of tender memory and profound emotion. The familiar cadence may recall the quiet Sundays of childhood and the menacing or pleading voice of the preacher, the aspirations of youth and its lofty resolves, and the solemn farewells of death. These images may come thronging back, more vivid than any invoked by the organ-notes of Milton."

O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

1754	John Leland	1844
1803	G. J. Webb	1887

The tune to which this hymn is usually sung is the same to which we sing "Stand up for Jesus," and was composed by Mr. Webb while crossing the Atlantic on his way from England to America in 1830. This hymn of happy anticipation, fixed determination and cheer for the discouraged soul, reveals a strong and pleasing personality. The author, John Leland, was an American Baptist revival preacher who wrote his own

hymns. He was a well known figure throughout New England.

The following bit of interesting history was made in 1801 while Mr. Leland was pastor at Cheshire, Massachusetts: The farmers of that community decided to send "the biggest cheese in America" to President Jefferson. Leland, "who was a good Democrat," offered to take the cheese to Washington and "preach all the way." An ox-team was used to carry the cheese, which weighed one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds, and the elder not only delivered it, but did "preach all the way."

During an evangelistic campaign in Nebraska, there was held a service known as "Old Folks' Hour." One morning after a number of heart talks had been given, the hymn, "O when shall I see Jesus," was announced. At the close of the first stanza an elderly lady rose and said: "It has been many years since I heard that song. When I was a child my good Christian parents used to sing this hymn with their children at the family altar. Oh, how my heart aches because of having grown cold and indifferent in His service. Pray for me that I may see Jesus and dwell with Him and my loved ones above." The tears of the worshipers fell with hers, and all joined in singing the hymn, as a prayer, for this one who had been awakened and touched by the message of music.

"But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear."

"When Daniel was praying and confessing an angel came, even before he reached the 'amen,' and said, 'Thy prayer is heard and thou art greatly beloved.'"

OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

1794 Elizabeth Holmes Reed 1867
J. Calvin Bushey

This useful hymn of invitation, written in 1825, has a halo surrounding it because of the many testimonies given of its influence in leading men, women and children to "Be saved."

The author was an English Congregationalist, and the daughter of a London merchant. She was married to Dr. Andrew Reed, a minister, and although the mother of a large family, Mrs. Reed found time to write hymns of helpfulness. Among other beautiful hymns Dr. Reed (1788-1862) has written the one beginning,

"Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home."

The vigorous melody was given by Mr. Bushey, a teacher of music who lived in Ohio.

OH, WONDERFUL PRAYER THAT JESUS PRAYED

1848 W. T. Giffe

Mr. Giffe very kindly replied: "Your esteemed inquiry regarding my 'Prayer of Gethsemane' was duly received. There is no history regarding the writing of this song further than that Gethsemane is the place where Jesus uttered in a few words a prayer that is freighted with more confiding faith and humility than is to be found in all the prayers of Christendom, when he said, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I simply associated this beautiful prayer with the place in which it was uttered. You and your company did me a great honor when you sang that song in the Garden of Gethsemane. I sincerely thank you."

Mr. Giffe, author of the words and music of this prayer hymn, is a native of Indiana. In the prime of life he was greatly in demand as a singer and song director. For many years he was proprietor of "The Home Music Company," Logansport, Indiana.

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1834	W. H. Doane	1915

This sweet hymn of pleading for personal salvation so beautifully directed to Him who came to save that which was lost, has ever had a rich ministry from

the time of its birth in 1868. Dr. Doane, who suggested the subject to the hymn writer, has "given wings" to her hymn by his sympathetic music, which "breathes the spirit of every word."

PEACE! BE STILL!

1831	Mary A. Baker	
1834	H. R. Palmer	1907

Miss Baker wrote this hymn at the request of H. R. Palmer, who desired a number of songs to be used in connection with the current Sunday-school lessons. One of the lessons was "Christ Stilling the Tempest," and since the author has given this glimpse of glory from out her life's experience, we pass her story on to others:

"The subject, 'Christ Stilling the Tempest,' so expressed an experience I had recently passed through, that this hymn was the result. A very dear and only brother, a young man of rare loveliness and promise of character, had been laid in the grave. He was more than a thousand miles from home. Messages came to his waiting sisters, and at last the one came telling that our beloved brother was no longer a dweller on earth. I became wickedly rebellious at this dispensation of divine providence. But the Master's own voice stilled the tempest in my unsanctified heart and brought it to the calm of a deeper faith and a more perfect trust."

At Maywood, Illinois, September 16, 1924, we found Miss Baker peacefully enjoying her ninety-third birthday anniversary.

During President Garfield's last days when the sky of our country was "o'er-shadowed with blackness" this hymn was republished, and was one of the hymns sung by many people at the various funeral services held throughout the United States for the martyred executive.

In some ways humanity changes very little. Nearly two thousand years ago, upon this same tempestuous sea, rang out the cry that is heard from many struggling ones today: "Lord, save us: we perish." And, as then the tempest-tossed ones on Galilee heard, so today do sin-sick, seeking men and women hear the same cheerful, heaven-inspiring answer:

"The winds and the waves shall obey my will,
Peace, be still."

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

1825 Edward H. Bickersteth 1906

The author, hearing a sermon on the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee," was moved thereby to deep thought, and to the exercise of his imagination. While visiting a dear friend of his, who was nearing death, and whose mind was troubled, his thoughts took form in the hymn which has comforted many a troubled soul.

To those who are in the darkness of sin; thronged by duties; surrounded with sorrows; separated from loved ones; troubled about the unknown future; in Jesus there is promised "Peace, perfect peace."

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

1637	Thomas Ken	1711
1500	Wilhelm Franck	1570

In 1695 a young man in college wrote these four lines, familiarily known as the "Doxology," as the closing verse of his "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight" hymns. There is such splendid dignity and scope of praise-thought in Bishop Ken's Doxology that it cannot help but appeal "to all Christian denominations, to all times, places and conditions of men." A prominent writer says this: "These lines by Bishop Ken have done more to familiarize the English-speaking people of the earth with the doctrine of the Trinity than all the theological books ever written."

Thomas Ken lost his parents when but a child. He was taken care of and thoughtfully trained by his eldest stepsister. He loved music and became a thorough musician. He lived under four monarchs, amid turbulent scenes of persecution and intolerance. Bishop Ken never married.

As to the composer of "Old Hundred," the Gregorian tune to which this hymn is sung, there is some

uncertainty. Some give the credit to Luther; others to Louis Bourgeois, but the general belief is that it was written by Wilhelm Franck, who at one time lived in Geneva, Switzerland.

"A boy in Scotland learned to sing the old psalms that were as household words in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew older he wandered away from his native land and was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words he had learned from his pious mother's lips. One evening some sailors on board an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar 'Old Hundred' come floating to them over the moonlit waves. At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves they found the captive and succeeded in getting back to their vessel without creating alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to friends and native land."

"There is a beautiful story told that when Jenny Lind was visiting this country she called upon her countryman, John Ericsson, but the famous inventor refused to see her. Ericsson had a magnificent brain but he was no respecter of persons. Not to be put off, Jenny Lind sent up her visiting card, stepped to the foot of the stairs and began to sing one of the old Swedish lullabies with which the mothers in that far-

away land are accustomed to sing the children to sleep. At once the door of the inventor's room opened and Ericsson came to greet his visitor, weeping like a little child. The music had opened the door of his heart."

A child on the top of Mt. Washington was with her father above the clouds, while a thunderstorm flashed and rumbled below. Where they stood was perfect calm and sunshine, though the eye found nothing but the blue of heaven and a few rocks to rest on. "Well, Lucy," said her father, "there's nothing to be seen here, is there?" But the child exclaimed: "Oh, papa, I see the doxology! All around seems to say,

> 'Praise God from all blessings flow!
> Praise Him all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'"

PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

1771	James Montgomery	1854
1828	A. Brooks Everett	1875

This prayer-poem has not only been accepted as a valuable aid to both private and public devotion, but as one of the treasured classics among the large number of church hymns. This hymn is peculiarly associated with the poet's death. The beautiful service of family worship always had a place in Mr. Montgomery's home. Although more than eighty years of age he would officiate in the service. The last evening he led in audible prayer his people noticed that he was especially fervent

and direct in his petitions. He immediately went to his sleeping room and in the morning was found unconscious upon the floor. Thus to him Psalm 65 : 2 meant,

> "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air,
> His watchword at the gate of death;
> He enters heaven with prayer."

The hymn is usually sung to "Newcastle" written by Dr. Everett, a teacher and composer of music.

"I think I can honestly say," quoting Shepherd of Aintab, "that the two things I love best in this life are a surgical operation and a prayer-meeting." Joy in work and worship was the secret of the Doctor's wonderful life.

PURER IN HEART, O GOD

Mrs. A. L. Davidson

1857 George B. Holsinger 1908

George B. Holsinger was born in Bedford County, Virginia. During the summer schools of music which he attended he studied under a number of the best teachers of that time. For sixteen years he had charge of the Music Department of Bridgewater College, Virginia. In 1898 he accepted the position of Editor of Music for the Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois, which place he held until his death Nov. 22, 1908, at Astoria, Illinois, where he was directing an Institute of sacred music.

In speaking of his writing music Mr. Holsinger said: "As a rule I compose music from the inspiration received from the first reading of the poetry. 'Rest over Jordan' is an exception. This tune came into my mind while taking a walk and stepping lively. 'Purer in Heart' was a true inspiration coming to me as I read the beautiful words written by Mrs. Davidson."

"Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Blessed are the pure in heart:
for they shall see God."

RESCUE THE PERISHING

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1834	W. H. Doane	1915

This very useful hymn, which in diction and sentiment is scarcely to be surpassed by anything this author has written, was, like many of her hymns, born in the white heat of her sympathetic religious emotion. One hot summer evening in 1869 while the author was addressing an audience of working men, in New York City, she was greatly impressed that some mother's boy must be rescued that very night. She made a strong appeal for any boy who had wandered away from home and his mother's teaching to come and speak with her at the close of the service. A boy of eighteen came forward and said: "Did you mean me? I prom-

ised my mother I would meet her in heaven, but as I am now doing, that would be impossible." However, before the young man left the service he nobly decided to live the clean life.

A few days previous Dr. Doane had sent the author these words, "Rescue the perishing," as a subject for a hymn, and it was at the time of this incident that the first line, "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying," came to her. Upon her arrival at home, before retiring, she wrote the entire hymn, and the next day sent it to Dr. Doane, who wrote the sympathetic music to which it has always been sung.

One evening Fanny Crosby was present in the New York Bowery Mission when "Rescue the Perishing" was sung. A young man arose and told the story of his rescue. Penniless and hungry he was going through the streets at night, when he heard the sounds of singing. Entering the hall, he caught the words of this hymn, and his heart was broken in penitence. "I was just ready to perish," he said, "but that hymn, by the grace of God, saved me." What a touching scene it was when the author and speaker stood face to face, their eyes filled with tears and the entire audience thrilled with the pathos of the meeting.

A Sunday-school was in session in a country schoolhouse. It was a beautiful day and the voices of little children were ringing out clear and sweet in gospel song. The superintendent noticed a man in tattered garments crossing the school grounds but instead

of going on, he paused, then sat down and listened to the children singing. Now some people would have called this man a tramp and thought him unworthy of notice; but this superintendent—a wide-awake Christian man—went out and invited him to come in. The man hesitated, saying he was not in a condition to appear before the children. He was again asked to come in, and then said he would if he might be permitted to hear the children sing again a certain hymn. Together they entered the room and once more these little missionaries sang: "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying." And deep down in a human heart feelings were buried that grace did restore, for in that hour another soul was rescued by the Holy Spirit, through the medium of this hymn.

"Rescue the Perishing" was a favorite hymn used in the work of the two great temperance leaders, Frances Willard and Francis Murphy.

RESTING BY THE RIVER

1856 Jennie Wilson 1913

Miss Wilson, of South Whitley, Indiana, wrote as follows: "It has been my aim to have my hymns strong and cheerful and bear no trace of my invalidism. Only in this one have I meant to refer to my physical afflictions. Hymn-writing is my life-work and I desire to glorify my Master thereby. I am glad that in my weakness I have been endowed with this one talent.

My hymns are usually written in the forenoon, from nine to twelve, which time I call my working hours. I write the first copy of a hymn on a slate and then rewrite it on paper." Miss Wilson has written about five hundred hymns.

REVIVE US AGAIN

W. P. Mackay

1760 John J. Husband 1825

In all languages the word "hallelujah" is the same. No wonder that the redeemed of every nation stand before the throne singing: "Alleluiah! Alleluiah!" "And I heard the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

"We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love," are the opening words of Mackay's widely-known pæan of praise, probably written in 1866. Mr. Husband, who wrote the equally familiar "English Melody," came to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1809, where he spent the rest of his life as a teacher of music. This thrilling tune is also sung to Dr. Bonar's hymn, "Rejoice and be glad," written in 1874.

ROCK OF AGES

1740	Augustus M. Toplady	1778
1784	Thomas Hastings	1872

Although Toplady died when but thirty-eight years old, yet he lived long enough to give to human hearts, as Dr. Robinson says, "the supreme hymn of the language." In the *Gospel Magazine* of March, 1776, he shows the enormity of the debt of sin by numerical calculation, and demonstrates how Christ has cancelled this great debt by redeeming the soul. He closes the article with this hymn of "consoling security in the saving fulness and power of the Godhead."

That the hymn was written by Toplady when he was overtaken by a storm and found shelter in the cleft of a great rock, is uncertain, and as one writer says: "No physical condition like a thunder storm could have produced 'Rock of Ages.' It was the still small voice whispering holy peace to Toplady's troubled mind that inspired him to breathe in verse a prayer that has become a sacred treasure to the churches of Christendom."

Toplady was left fatherless when but a few months old. But he enjoyed the blessing and the care of a pious mother, under whose guidance he grew to manhood. When he was sixteen the two went on a visit with some friends in Ireland. While there they attended a revival held in a barn, conducted by a man who was scarcely able to write his own name. But his

message touched the boy's heart, which resulted in his conversion. Some may have thought this service a failure—only the one awkward boy converted. But this boy was Augustus Montague Toplady. Soon after this event he entered college. In body he was never strong, but in mental powers he is said to have been above the average.

The universally used hymn-tune, "Toplady," was composed by Dr. Hastings in 1830.

The first thought in the hymn is that of a desire to avoid and be made free from sin; and in immediate connection comes the expression of faith in the efficacy of the atoning blood of Jesus our Lord. In Christ alone there is safety. Salvation can not be earned nor bought. And then the singer voices a longing for the companionship of the Lord in the passing over, and in the eternal abode.

In the House of Commons, while one of Mr. Gladstone's opponents was severely attacking him, it was observed that "the grand old man" paid no attention seemingly to what was being said. He kept on quietly using his pen. A friend who was sitting near him became interested, and looking over Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, saw that he was studiously translating into Latin, "Rock of Ages!"

This hymn was a favorite of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. He repeated it very reverently while he lay dying in Windsor Castle. "For," said the Prince, "if in this hour I had only my worldly

honors and dignities to depend upon, I should be poor indeed."

On board the ill-fated steamer Seawanhaka was one of the Fisk University singers. Compelled to leave the burning ship and commit himself to the merciless waters, he first carefully fastened upon his wife and self life-preservers. But some one cruelly snatched away his wife's, leaving her without support, only as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders, and resting there until her strength became exhausted. "I can hold on no longer," she whispered. "Try, try a little longer," said the tired and agonized husband. "Let us sing, 'Rock of Ages.'" As the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, they too lifted their heads and joined with a last effort in this sweet, pleading prayer. With the song came new strength; another, and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort. Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching. Singing on, they struggled on and with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, in which they were carried safely to the land. The singer concludes his thrilling experience by saying: "I believe Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides myself and wife."

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1834	W. H. Doane	1915

The composer, W. H. Doane, called at the office of Biglow and Main in New York City and finding Fanny Crosby there said to her: "Fanny, I have written a tune and I want you to write words for it." At her request he played the melody for her. She went into another room, and in about half an hour returned and handed him the words of this famous hymn. It was published by Mr. Doane in 1868. This hymn was sung at the funeral of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, and at President Grant's funeral it was beautifully played by a congregation of bands. Fanny Crosby says: "Many broken-hearted mothers have found comfort in this hymn when their little ones have been taken from their loving arms and tender care. Many have written me about this, and the thought that my hymn has helped has made me happy." This sweet lyric has probably been sung over more little graves than any other ever written.

"One of the McCall missionaries found in a wretched district a dying girl. She sat down beside her and sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' The unfortunate one hushed her groans to listen and grew calm under the sweet message. 'How good that is, how good that is,' she whispered as she entered the valley and shadow of death."

Two little girls were playing with their dolls, and singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast." Their mother sitting near overheard the following conversation: "Sister, how do you know that you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger. "Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!" was the reply. "Ah, that is not safe," said Nellie. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!" The sister looked much troubled for a few moments, dropped her doll and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out, "Oh! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"—*Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns.*

SAVED BY GRACE

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1846	George C. Stebbins	

Mr. Stebbins, one of America's gifted composers and one of Fanny Crosby's "most devoted and precious friends," gives this history: "After Fanny Crosby had first given utterance to these verses during the Summer Conference at Northfield in 1894, I said to her: 'Fanny, where did you get those words?' and she replied: 'I've just been keeping them for myself. I didn't want any of you musical men to get hold of them.' Some weeks afterwards, when the London publication arrived containing the hymn, Mr. Sankey

came to me with the paper in his hand and said: 'George, here is the hymn Fanny quoted. Won't you see what you can do toward tuning it?' A few weeks later while I was engaged in meetings in Newport, Rhode Island, the music was written."

Fanny Crosby wrote this hymn when she was seventy-one years old.

SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

1779	Dorothy Ann Thrupp	1847
1816	W. B. Bradbury	1868

This sweet old-time hymn, suggestive of the beautiful shepherd-story, was written by Miss Thrupp of the Church of England, and published by her in 1836, in a collection of "Hymns for Young People." It has been well carried by Mr. Bradbury's music and has ever been popular in England and America.

"Soul-hunger may be awakened very early in the life of the child," writes a Sunday-school teacher. "Hence it would be well if more of our church hymns were taught to our Sunday-school children, not to the exclusion of all simpler hymns, but with them, for the purpose of supplying that which other hymns may fail to supply. One of the first hymns of my Sunday-school days was,

'Savior, like a shepherd lead us.'

A hymn fraught with the spirit of this one may give birth to a desire in a child's heart that will ultimately lead to its salvation."

SAVIOR, MORE THAN LIFE TO ME

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1834	W. H. Doane	1915

These words of refreshing confidence in Divine strength were written to fit the tune sent to the author in 1874, by Mr. Doane, with the suggestion that she might write a hymn on the theme, "Every Day and Hour." In speaking of the hymn the author has given this beautiful testimony: "This hymn has given me great comfort and joy in my saddest moments. I know that God has blessed this hymn to tens of thousands of souls. Whenever I hear it sung it strengthens my faith, fires my hope and feeds my love."

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS

1843	Mary Riley Smith	
1818	Silas J. Vail	1883

Romans 12:10 is the basic thought for these stanzas written by Mrs. Albert Smith, a native of New York State.

It is remarkable how the instinct of parenthood finds expression in so many of our hymns. Fanny Crosby, whose one little babe was taken from her loving arms, touched and soothed many a sorrowing mother with her "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." From out the aching fullness of this another noble woman's heart, "who never had a child to die," came these beautiful mother-bedewed words:

"If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be stiff and cold tomorrow—

. . .

"How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—"

A train moved from Texas carrying a carload of roses. Seven hundred miles these roses went, until they came to Kansas City, where they were distributed among the sick folk of the hospitals. The people who gathered these blossoms also sent with this mammoth bouquet many a prayer and hopeful song that somewhere the ministry of the flowers might be blessed. And who shall doubt the message of the roses?

Traveling in an electric car there was noticed a little family—father, mother and a bright-eyed boy of several summers. Especially attractive was the sweet, patient-pictured face, and modest behavior of the woman who, in the beauty of approaching motherhood, tried cheerfully to overlook the neglect of the man who had promised to be to her a husband. When they reached their stopping place he stepped off from the car and walked away, leaving this gentle woman and little son in the care of the conductor. A quick, keen expression of pain and longing swept over her face, but sweetly thanking the railroad official, she passed on toward her home. The lesson from this too often duplicated sketch, all who read may obtain. Like a flash there came to memory this author's hymn:

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path."

This was one of the hymns on the program of the great temperance worker, Francis Murphy. It is claimed that thousands of men addicted to drink have been rescued through its appealing message.

Mr. Vail, who wrote the pleasing melody, was a hatter by trade, and was talented in music.

SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE

1771	James Montgomery	1854
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

This hymn, freighted with the victory that comes to the valiant veteran of the Cross in the closing moments of life, was occasioned by the triumphant passing of the beloved Christian minister, Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1807-1835, whose short life was filled with good works, and who was the author of the sweet old hymn, "I'm but a stranger here." On Sunday, March 15, while preaching in his father's church, he said: "I want to die like a soldier, sword in hand." He did, for that same evening the brave young warrior exchanged his armor for the glory of life immortal.

Mr. Montgomery used the memorable words as the basis of a poem from which are selected the stanzas for "Servant of God, well done."

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

1826 Robert Lowry 1899

This widely used hymn was written on a sultry afternoon in July, 1864, in Dr. Lowry's study in Brooklyn, New York. An epidemic was at that time raging in the city, and a great number of the people passing along the street were dressed in deep mourning. In speaking of this the pastor said: "I seated myself at the organ and the words and music seemed to flow out as if by inspiration."

One of the outstanding names in the list of gospel song writers and publishers is that of Robert Lowry, a Baptist minister. His scholarly attainments not only gave him the Chair of Letters in the University from which he graduated, but gained for him opportunities in his musical and ministerial activities. Dr. Lowry was a close observer of the religious movements of his day and quickly recognized the opening for helpfulness in the field of Sunday-school music. He began writing, and today millions are voicing his hymns, among them some of the most useful and beautiful ever written.

"An American lady writing from Cairo, Egypt, who was permitted to visit the Military Hospital there soon after some wounded men had been brought in from a skirmish, says: The three hours we could stay were full of work for heart and hand. One young soldier from a Highland regiment specially excited my

interest. The doctor said he could not live through the night. He lay with his eyes closed, and as his lips moved I caught the words, 'Mother, mother.' I dipped my handkerchief in a basin of iced water and bathed his forehead where the fever flush burned. 'That is good,' he said, opening his eyes. Seeing me bending over him, he took my hand and kissed it, saying, 'Thank you, lady. It 'minds me o' mother. Will you please sing for me?' I hesitated a moment and looked around. The gleam on the water of the Nile, as the sun's western rays slanted down, caught my eye and suggested the 'River, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.' I began to sing in a low voice, 'Shall we gather at the river?' Eager heads were raised around us to listen more intently, while bass and tenor voices, weak and tremulous, came in on the chorus—'Yes, we'll gather at the river.' When the song was ended I looked into the face of the boy, and asked, 'Shall you be there?' 'Yes, I'll be there, through what the Lord Jesus has done for me.' The tears gathered in my eyes as I thought of the mother in her far-off Scottish home, for by tomorrow's reveille her laddie will have crossed the river."

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

1831	H. L. Hastings	1899
1827	Elihu S. Rice	

Various composers offered their music for this hymn, which is frequently used for funeral services,

but the author, Mr. Hastings, who has rendered eminent service in the field of sacred music, was best satisfied with the tune written in 1866 by Elihu Rice, of Logansport, Indiana, where he was secretary and chorister of the Baptist Sunday-school.

Death is the most uncertain, yet the most certain thing in life. The object of funeral hymns is to comfort sorrowing hearts, and draw the thoughtless nearer to Christ. The best hymns are those whose messages are full of sweetness and simplicity. The number of hymns, the order in which they are to be used, the arrangement of voices, and various minor points which are after all of importance, should be understood previous to the hour appointed for service, so that the music may be made as much a sacred part of the service for the burial of our dead as prayer and sermon.

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH

About 200 A. D. Clement of Alexandria

The author was a Greek, and wrote many good books in his native language. Evidently he was of good parentage and was highly educated. He was a philosopher, and traveled about much, seeking light. At Alexandria, under the great teacher, Pantænus, he found the solution of the riddles of his soul in the Word of God. The hymn under consideration is a translation from a Greek poem by Henry Martin Dexter, an American Congregational clergyman. This

translation was made in 1846, to be used in connection with a sermon he was preparing for his church on "Some Prominent Characteristics of the Early Christians," on the text, "Remember the Days of Old."

This hymn was written in the second century at a time when the Christian Church was in her infancy; and yet how similar in thought and language to hymns written centuries later, in giving expression to the impulse of the Christian heart to praise Christ, the Savior of the world! Many things have changed since then, but the feelings of the Christian heart in contemplating the love of the Master are unchangeable. The tender solicitude of our Lord for His children's welfare is couched in the term "Shepherd."

SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

1850 R. H. McDaniel
1856 Charles H. Gabriel

This is the author's story: "Some years previous to the death of my youngest son I wrote a number of hymns, but for some time before he was taken I had discontinued writing verse, and believe I should never have undertaken the work again had I not been moved to do so through this great bereavement." In his loneliness after the death of his son Mr. McDaniel found comfort in writing. "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart" was written in the spring of 1914.

During the Billy Sunday revival in Philadelphia

a big, burly policeman was assigned to keep order in the Tabernacle. When it was announced that Billy Sunday was coming, he was as little interested as the rest of the police force; and when he learned that he was to take his place in the Tabernacle he was disgusted. But he took his place close to the platform and was there night after night, where he could not help hearing what was said. He became familiar with the various members of the Sunday party, and knew that they were interested in him, and were praying for him. It was the evening when Gabriel and Rodeheaver sang the then new hymn, "Since Jesus Came into My Heart," that the big policeman winked at Mr. Sunday's assistant as he passed him and said, "I guess I'm ready." When the invitation was given the big, blue-uniformed policeman took Mr. Sunday's hand, and gave his heart to Christ.

When the preliminary work was being done for the great Baltimore revival, the converted policeman was invited to join the train load of prominent Philadelphia men to spend a Sunday in Baltimore. When this distinguished company of lawyers, editors and churchmen alighted from the train they formed in double column and headed by the big policeman marched into the station where a crowd had assembled to greet them, singing, "What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought—SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART."

SOMETIME WE'LL SURELY KNOW

1824 Harriet E. Jones
A. B. Coffman

Mrs. Jones, a native of Oran, New York, gave us this statement pertaining to her hymn writing: "I scarcely ever take up my pencil to formulate a hymn without prayer. Sometimes hymns come to me suddenly, the same as if one stood by my side dictating. My 'Redeemed' came to me just as fast as I could write it down. However, this hymn was 'dug out.'" For a number of years Mrs. Jones was a widow with a crippled son to support, and one way she did this was by writing gospel songs and hymns.

No doubt many of us hold high our gilt-edged hymn books and loudly sing, "We'll trust in Him who knoweth best," and this is well. Nevertheless, our trust may be like that of the old lady who lived by herself in a mountain hut. One day while out gathering wood for her winter's fuel, and while going down a steep grade, the old horse fell down, the harness gave way and out rolled the old lady together with the wood she had gathered. A few days later the minister called on her, for she was kept to her room suffering with a broken limb. Among other things he said: "I hope, my dear sister, you put your trust in the Lord." "O yes, sir, I did," she replied, "I did until the breeching broke."

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND

Maxwell N. Cornelius

1840 James McGranahan 1907

Here is another of the large group of good hymns born of affliction and misfortune. Maimed for life by a broken leg and thus unfitted to follow his chosen profession, the young man educated himself for the ministry. His first charge was in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Then he moved to California, where, under his leadership, a large church was built. But, owing to failure in business of many of these who had subscribed, he had a hard time getting it paid for, though the debt was finally cleared. Following closely, his wife died. He himself preached the funeral, at the close of which he quoted the hymn, "Sometime We'll Understand." He had written the lines some time before. Major Whittle, a while later, copied the hymn from a western newspaper, and after carrying it in his Bible for three months, handed it to his friend, James McGranahan, who composed the tune which has been its life-companion.

Mr. McGranahan was urged by some of his teachers to enter upon a course of training for the operatic stage, but, following the advice of his friend, P. P. Bliss, he gave his voice to the service of song for Christ. He was born on a farm in Pennsylvania, and got his start in music in the old-fashioned singing school. He loved music, and wanted to take up the

study of it, but his father failed to see any use in his spending money and time for that purpose; but when James promised to pay all his own expenses and hire a man to take his place on the farm he was allowed to have his way.

SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!

1820	Fanny Crosby	1915
1819	I. B. Woodbury	1858

There is a singular beauty in some of the superstitions of the Indian tribes. This is one known among the Senecas: When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not uncommon," says an Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once, over one grave."

Mr. Woodbury wrote the original song in 1848. In 1890 Fanny Crosby at the request of Ira D. Sankey adapted three suitable stanzas which have been used as a missionary hymn.

Mr. Woodbury, whose "Speed Away" has gone round the world, was not satisfied with the swinging of the blacksmith's hammer and the clanging of the anvil, to which he was apprenticed in his youth. His

enthusiasm for musical attainments drove him to Europe for his education. He returned to America where he "sang his life-songs."

STAND UP FOR JESUS

1818	George Duffield	1888
1803	George J. Webb	1887

Written during the great revival of 1858 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, this famous hymn has not only "been honored of the Lord" in the country of its birth, but translated into various languages, it has been a blessing all around the world. Its origin involves the lives of two men, Dr. George Duffield (author of English Hymns) and Dudley A. Tyng, a young Episcopal clergyman, and leader of the revival. While at his country home, Mr. Tyng met a tragic death when he left his study and went to the farm barn where his coat sleeve caught in the cogs of a corn shelling machine, tearing off his arm.

He was asked if he had any message to send, among others, to the band of devoted ministers. To the latter he sent this practical counsel, "Let us all stand up for Jesus." Dr. Duffield caught the spirit of the noble sentiment and proclaimed it to the world in this hymn which he wrote and read as a fitting close to the memorial sermon he preached to his own congregation the following Sunday on Ephesians 6:14. The superintendent of the Sunday-school had it printed on

the flyleaf of the songbook. It was copied by religious papers and soon found its way into a number of hymn books.

The tune, "Webb," named after the composer, has long been associated with this hymn, though it has become "one and indivisible" with Dr. S. F. Smith's missionary hymn, "The Morning Light." Another setting by Dr. Adam Geibel, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has found its way into many books.

This has been called the most stirring of American hymns. It voices an acknowledgment of Jesus as King, Lord and Leader, and calls to Christian heroism. The gospel is the Christian's armor and the cross his banner. There are many foes and dangers ahead, but the Christian can have confidence in Christ's strength and leadership, and glory in certain victory. The assurance that "The strife will not be long," the promise of "A crown of life" and an eternal reign "with the King of glory" are strong incentives to Christian heroism.

"Various are the circumstances under which we have been invited to sing; but never," says a writer, "were we more deeply impressed than while visiting the Boy's School in Nazareth—the childhood home of Jesus. After the boys sang several of their songs in the Arabic, they asked their teacher if the American lady would sing with them. They chose the hymn, 'Stand up for Jesus.' With Oriental solicitude we were ushered to the little melodeon, and there, in Naza-

reth of Galilee, hearts and voices blended in singing this hymn, which from that hour has had a new meaning of Christian heroism."

SUNLIGHT

1855 J. W. Van Deventer
1848 W. S. Weeden

The story of this favorite sunshine song is given as told by Mr. Weeden: "'Sunlight' was written one hot afternoon while engaged in tent work at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. Mr. Van Deventer and I were in our rooms at the hotel. I began to whistle the melody as it is in the chorus. He asked me what that tune was. I told him I didn't know. He then remarked that I had a theme for a sunlight song. I was of the same opinion. So he began to write the verse and I the tune, and the next day we put it on the blackboard in the tent and a thousand voices sang it for the first time."

Mr. Weeden was not only a composer and teacher of music, but also a successful evangelist. Mr. Van Deventer, of Florida, is the author of a number of gospel songs, one of his best known being "The heart that was broken for me."

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOR DEAR

1792	John Keble	1866
1823	W. H. Monk	1889

These familiar lines arranged in hymn form are a part of a poem of fourteen stanzas entitled "Evening," found in "The Christian Year," a Christian classic work by Keble. Its basic thought is in Luke 24:29. In 1835 Henry Elliott put into the "Psalms and Hymns" a selection of four stanzas, the first one being the "Sun of my soul" verse, and since then this has been the favorite arrangement of the hymn. The famous poet died at Bournemouth, where he had gone for the benefit of his wife's health. She lived only a few weeks longer than her husband. It is stated that the last book he had in his hand was Palmer's "Book of Praise." He asked for this volume because he was unable to recall all the verses of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, which he was accustomed to repeat in the night watches by his wife's bedside.

As the twilight glides into dark night and we yield ourselves to sleep and helplessness, do not such beautiful, tender words as contained in this hymn voice the prayer sentiment of every Christian heart? To him who trusts in Jesus the night is as the day.

After taking his degree of A. M., Keble settled at Fairforth, where he had charge of three small curacies, and where he spent the rest of his life. Though tempted to accept wider fields and larger salaries, he was satisfied to remain with the people at this place.

The tune "Hursley" was arranged by the English composer W. H. Monk, who was choir director and organist at King's College. He was also a noted lecturer and editor.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

1809 Alfred Tennyson 1892

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

One afternoon on their return from a sail across the bay, the poet laureate handed to his son a piece of paper. "That," said his son, when he read it, "is the crown of your life's work."

"A good hymn," said Tennyson, "is the most dif-

ficult thing in the world to write." It was not until his eighty-first year that the poet achieved his single great hymn. It was sung at his funeral in Westminster.

SWEET BY AND BY

1836	S. Fillmore Bennett	1898
1819	J. P. Webster	1875

The famous song, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett, who lived in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, had its birth in a country store. The following origin is found in *Wisconsin in Three Centuries,* and was written by Mr. Bennett:

"It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed. I said to Webster: 'What is the matter now?' He replied: 'It is no matter; it will be all right by and by.' The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied: 'The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?' 'Maybe it would,' he said indifferently.

"I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled, and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly. In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A

few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

"I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil before the hymn and the notes had all been completed, and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the 'Signet Ring' a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since."

In a little country cemetery at Solon Mills, Illinois, about forty miles from the city of Rockford, and sixty miles from Chicago, rest the remains of Sanford Fillmore Bennett, the author of "Sweet By and By." Joseph P. Webster died at Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

1842	W. W. Walford	
1816	W. B. Bradbury	1868

This cry of exalted trust in the power of prayer to help through life's experiences came from a blind man, an English minister, in 1842. But for the writing of this hymn the name of W. W. Walford would long ago have dropped into oblivion. The probability is he had no thought of thus perpetuating his name, but simply put into verse his heart-sentiments, and that is why the hymn lives on.

The hymn was given to the public by Rev. Thomas Salmon, a Congregational minister. Hearing it recited,

he took it down and brought it from England to America and had it published in the *New York Observer*.

"The original idea of a prayer meeting"—to borrow the words of another—"is a place where prayer is wont to be made. Sometimes it is felt we sing and talk too much. This may at times be true, but since God in his Word doth unite prayer and song, surely these should have a prominent place in the service." The heart that is in good spiritual health—in tune with the Holy Trinity—is ever ready to witness in prayer or song. Many of the songs of Zion are poetic prayers, and through these beautiful channels you and I may delight our souls at a throne of grace. "God's power is stronger than prison doors," and many times he has opened these doors through the medium of prayer or song.

Mr. Bradbury's expressive music was composed in 1859.

When Bishop J. H. Moore, a long time Northern Editor, now residing in Sebring, Florida, was interviewed he said: "Why I like 'Sweet Hour of Prayer'? Well, it is a bit like the woman when asked for her reason for the conclusion she had reached regarding a certain matter. She said there was no reason. It was so. She knew it was so, and that was all there was to it. I simply like the hymn, possibly, above all others, and were the Musical Conference of the skies to promulgate a decree allowing each person but one song while upon the earth, I would, more than likely, make

choice of 'Sweet Hour of Prayer.' About the song there is something inspiring, purifying, comforting and restful. It is the song that I wish to keep fresh in my memory until I reach the end of my earthly pilgrimage, and when the 'Angel Band' appears upon the scene, and invites me to be seated in the Music Chariot of heaven, I may then be heard singing, 'while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.'"

TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

1836	Frances R. Havergal	1879
1787	Cæsar H. A. Malan	1864

Of this consecration hymn written in 1874 and first published in 1878, Miss Havergal has said: "I went for a little visit of five days with friends in London. There were ten persons in the house, but not all were rejoicing Christians. This was my prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house.' And he did. Before I left every one had received a personal blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed the most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration. And then these little couplets formed themselves, and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with 'Ever, only, all for thee.'"

Miss Havergal's home life was an inspiration to her poetic and religious nature. Her father was a man of piety and talent. He was authority on ecclesiastical

music and psalmody. Miss Havergal was a conscientious writer, as may be noted in this quotation: "If I am to write to any good purpose, a great deal of right living must go to a very little writing." She had a sweet singing voice and used it for the glory of God. "Singing," said she, "is the most personal communication I hold with my Master." Once in speaking with some of her friends pertaining to this hymn she smilingly said: "*Sing* my Consecration Hymn; don't *sigh* it."

While physically frail her life was vigorous with good works. The last public service she held was a temperance meeting for sailor lads. At this time she took a cold which resulted in her death a few weeks later. During the last hour of her life Miss Havergal gave a rich testimony of Christian faith when she said: "Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven," and then a little later sang one stanza of the hymn, "Jesus, I will trust thee, trust thee with my soul."

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

1846	Katherine Hankey	
1834	W. H. Doane	1915

Of this well known hymn which has been translated into various languages, the English author, Miss Hankey, has said: "The hymn as I first wrote it consisted of fifty verses of four lines each. It was divided into two parts—'The Story Wanted' and 'The Story

Told.' I wrote Part 1 in January, 1866. The second verse indicated my own state of health, for I was literally 'weak and weary,' and it was not until the following November that 'I Love to Tell the Story' was completed. It is perhaps strange that the plea for the story, and not the story itself, should become the favorite hymn. Many people have considered this a children's hymn, but I did not have children in mind when I wrote it. I am grateful that my hymn has proved a comfort and blessing to so many people."

In 1867, while attending the Y. M. C. A. International Convention at Montreal, Canada, W. H. Doane first heard the poem given by Major-General Russell as he read it from a sheet of foolscap paper, while tears fell freely from the old veteran's eyes. Mr. Doane was so impressed that he made a copy and later on, one afternoon while on the stagecoach between Glens Falls and the Crawford House in the White Mountains, he wrote the music, and that same evening the hymn was sung in the hotel parlors.

TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE

1860 Charles M. Fillmore

In answer to an inquiry as to how he had been led to write "Tell Mother I'll Be There," and how it attained world-wide fame, Rev. Fillmore, of Indianapolis, Indiana, composer and lecturer and one of the famous Fillmore brothers of Fillmore Music House, Cincinnati, Ohio, replied:

"I read in the morning paper that when the physicians told Mother McKinley that she had only a few hours to live she said, 'I wish I could see William once more before I pass away.' When the dying request of his mother was sent to the President he telegraphed back, 'Tell mother I'll be there.'

"The moment I read the telegram I said, 'There is a gospel message in that telegram.' At once it began singing itself to me. The entire song was written without effort. The first publisher to whom I sent it returned it rather than pay me three dollars for it. After it had been published for about a year Charles Alexander used it with such wonderful effect in a revival meeting in Newton, Kansas, that he wanted to take it with him in the world evangelistic tour which he was planning with Rev. R. A. Torrey. He bought it and made it world famous. Today it is sung around the globe in more than a score of languages.

"Alexander said he was sure that this song had led more men to decision for Christ than any other gospel song ever written. Other evangelists say the same thing. It seems to touch the heart and conscience and bring conviction and decision when all other influences have failed. Hundreds of stories of its effectiveness have been written and repeated. It seems just as influential today as it was when first composed. It makes a universal appeal that seems destined to keep it alive so long as filial love shall abide as the tenderest and strongest of human ties."

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

1830 William S. Pitts 1918

Near Iowa's town of Nashua, there stands a little church where in years gone by one of its communicants had a vision that some day he would set the whole world singing. He not only day-dreamed but he worked to have his dream come true. In 1864 he gave to the singing world a sweet little song, and thousands are the hearts that have been thrilled and nobler made because of "The little brown church in the vale." During his later years the author lived in Brooklyn, New York. When Dr. Pitts was eighty-six years old he was the guest of honor at a reunion held at the little church and then and there sang his famous composition.

THE HOLY CITY

This beautiful descriptive song by Stephen Adams when sung in connection with the reading of the following incident makes a very impressive number for a temperance program:

Thirty men were lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused and made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

"Hushed were the glad hosannas
The little children sang."

As the story went on every man in line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees, while one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate attempt at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!" The sobs cut to the very heart of the men who heard. But the song, still welling its way through the court room, was unconsciously doing its work of reform:

"And once again the scene was changed,
New earth there seemed to be!
I saw the Holy City—"

Then one man protested. "Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our pun-

ishment, but this—" and he, too, began to sob. It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police, after trying to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited for the rest.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er:
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna forevermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence. The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly; a kind word of advice and he dismissed them. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—*Selected.*

THE NINETY AND NINE

1830	Elizabeth C. Clephane	1869
1840	Ira D. Sankey	1908

While these words were written by Miss Clephane in 1868, entitled "The Prodigal," yet this beautiful Sheep and Shepherd story was popularized by Ira D. Sankey, who found the poem in the *Light from Across the Water*—a Scotch newspaper he was reading while traveling from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Mr. Sankey quickly detected possibilities for a gospel song and placed the poem in his "scrap book," which little

book was the foundation of the popular "Gospel Hymns."

The spontaneous arrangement of the melody by Mr. Sankey remains unchanged, and "The Ninety and Nine," as Mr. Moody named the hymn, has been spiritually successful. What greater thing can be said of any sacred song?

The story is told how on one occasion a composer of music said to Mr. Sankey that he could write such tunes as those of the "Gospel Hymn Book" by the yard, if he were willing to come down to it. "Well, sir," replied Mr. Sankey, "all I have to say is that I am willing to pay five hundred dollars a yard, either to you or to anybody else, for all the tunes you can bring me like those in our 'Gospel Hymn Books.'"

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD

1731 William Cowper 1800

This hymn, which is based on Zechariah 13:1, has been severely criticised, so much so that some have taken this extreme view, denouncing it as not being worthy a place in the hymn book. Yet it has gone around the world on its evangelizing mission, and has been upheld by such men as Dr. Ray Palmer, who says: "Such criticism seems to us as superficial. The inner sense of the soul, when its deepest affections are moved, infallibly takes these metaphors in their true significance,

while a cold critic of the letter misses that significance entirely. He merely demonstrates his own lack of the spiritual sympathies of which, for fervent Christian hearts, the hymn referred to is an admirable expression."

While leading a seafaring life a captain became convicted of sin and was impressed to confess Christ before his crew. He was baptized in the China Sea, by a Baptist minister. After his return to his home in the United States, he frequently said to the choir master of his congregation—"When I am on my deathbed I want you to sing for me, 'There is a fountain.'"

During a revival in Philadelphia in 1875 he gave an earnest exhortation to those who did not believe in the Christ as man's Savior, and at the close of the service announced the hymn, 'There is a fountain.'" While singing he sank to the floor. Supposing he had fainted, several men carried him to an adjoining room. After the congregation had finished singing, the announcement of his sudden death was made known.

Sin cuts off communion with God. We are cleansed and restored to communion with Him at the "fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins." Our sins are sunk in the depths of an unfathomable sea of love, and God remembers them no more against us.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

1823 Cecil H. Alexander 1895
1846 George C. Stebbins

Probably the compositions of no other children's hymnist are more popular than those written by Mrs. Alexander. In all countries wherever little children sing the story of the Cross, her hymns are known. It is admitted by writers, even the world-famed Gounod, that the great beauty of this author's hymns is their simplicity.

It is told that while sitting by the bedside of a very sick child, the hymn was written. The little girl recovered, and always claimed this hymn as her own.

Next in popularity to "There's a Green Hill" stands her "Once in Royal David's City," a good Christmas hymn, also written in 1848. In speaking of her best-known poem, "The Burial of Moses," Alfred Tennyson said he would be proud to have been the author.

Mrs. Alexander was born in Ireland, married an English clergyman, and is author of at least four hundred hymns.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND

1807 Andrew Young 1889

In 1840 Mr. Young, of Edinburgh, Scotland, spent his holiday season in Rothesay. One afternoon while calling on a friend, a little girl in the drawing-room be-

gan playing the piano. The tune was a pretty, simple Indian melody. Mr. Young, being interested in music and a lover of children, begged her to play it again. He said he thought it would make a capital tune for a child's hymn and again had the tune played. The melody haunted him during the night and in the morning he rose early and while walking in the garden, wrote the hymn. This hymn is a general favorite among the converted natives of China.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1820	George F. Root	1895

This hymn was written by Mr. Watts while sitting at his parlor window in view of the river Itchen, with the Isle of Wight in the distance. The lovely scene on the other side of the stream suggested to him some of the beauties of Heaven-land. Dr. Watts entitled this hymn, " A Prospect of Heaven makes Death Easy. "

In 1849 Dr. George Root wrote the familiar hymn-tune, " Varina. "

It was a beautiful morning in October, just at the break of day, that a refreshing plunge in the tumbling waters of the Sea of Galilee was enjoyed. A brisk walk to camp and all were ready for a breakfast of bread and fish—fish from the same little lake that supplied the meal when our Risen Lord said to his men,

"Come and dine." Ah, the blessed companionship of holy thought!

Soon the caravan was on its way to the Mount of Beatitudes, three and one-half miles west of the Sea, and many were the looks turned backward to catch yet one more glimpse of the water smiling in the morning sunshine. When well up the Mount, horses were tethered and a climb was made to the top of the south Horn of Hattin, where once again was read the wonderful fifth chapter of Saint Matthew. Just before descending, while taking a farewell look at the surrounding country, thoughts went speeding on to yet another "promised" land and hopefully this old, sweet hymn was sung:

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign."

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY

1814 F. W. Faber 1863
Lizzie S. Tourjee

Standing upon the banks of the sea and looking out over the waters, there seems to be no end beyond—no limit to the width of it; and so far as the human eye can discern, the depth is unfathomable. Such is God's mercy. The finite mind cannot measure the breadth of God's love nor fully appreciate the wonderful kindness of "the heart of the Eternal." In the blood of the Savior there is healing for the sinner,

and grace abounding for those who do good. Faith and obedience bring " sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord. "

Faber " had a peculiar genius for putting golden thoughts into common words, and making them sing." His use of the similitude of the sea to aid the mind in grasping the thought of the limitlessness of God's mercy is a grand stroke of his poetic ingenuity.

Faber was a man of great personal charm, and was gifted as an orator. His brother tells this story, which illustrates his persuasive qualities: " When he and some comrades were caught trespassing by an angry farmer, Frederick pleaded so well for the party that the farmer's wife interposed, saying to her husband, ' Ye mun, let them gan, maister, the young gentleman has sic a pratty tongue.' "

THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE

1851 E. S. Ufford
1846 Arr. by George C. Stebbins

Mr. Ufford, a Baptist minister and an earnest personal worker, was born in New Jersey. His home was in a town near the shore. Before he studied for the ministry it was his custom to go to the wharf and preach the gospel to the thousands of pleasure seekers on Sunday. These are the author's words as to the origin of this hymn:

" At Nantasket Beach I one day visited the life-saving station, where I had shown to me for the first

time a life line with its silken strands, and had its uses minutely explained to me. A title, you know, has much to do many times with the success of a composition. It not only impresses the author, but it catches the ear of the public. So in this case, when the words, 'Throw out the life line,' came to me, I had my inspiration. The sentence stayed with me, and when I returned home I wrote the words hurriedly; then seating myself at the instrument, I seemed to play the tune without any effort. There was not more than fifteen minutes consumed in the production of words and music."

In making his tour round the world the author, Mr. Ufford, not only sang his song to his many audiences, but in a unique way, "used it as a text to preach from in arousing Christians to a sense of their obligations to make known the gospel."

While crossing the Atlantic Ocean a number of morning song services were held for the steerage passengers. "Throw Out the Life Line" was one of the favorites. While the audience was not so primp and prim as those to which we were accustomed in the States, yet how glad we were for the opportunity of sending a message of gospel song into the lives of these people. At the close of the service the quaintly dressed women would nod and smile and some of the men would toss their caps and say: "Gude, gude, come again."—*Songs on Sea and Land.*

TRUST AND OBEY

J. H. Sammis

1850 D. B. Towner 1919

In September, 1918, under the auspices of the Tuesday Musical of Liberty Township, Indiana, the famous gospel-hymn writer and soloist conducted two of his popular "Towner Programs"; and it was at this time that Dr. Towner told the story of "Trust and Obey."

"Mr. Moody was conducting a series of meetings at Brockton, Massachusetts, and I had the pleasure of singing for him there. One night a young man rose in a testimony meeting and said: 'I am not quite sure, but I am going to trust and I am going to obey.' I jotted that sentence down and sent it with the little story to Mr. Sammis, a Presbyterian minister, who wrote the beautiful hymn. The chorus, however, was written before the hymn was."

While a young lady was walking hastily through the streets of a city, in the rush of people to gain a swing bridge, she knocked against a little fellow, almost throwing him down. She stopped and said to the ragged boy, "Beg pardon, I am sorry I ran against you." He lifted the remnant of hat he wore, bowed low, and with a smile, said, "You have my pardon, Miss, an' welcome; an' next time you run ag'inst me you kin knock me down an' I won't say a word!"

Is it not a mistake we make today, when we save our kind words and smiles for tomorrow? But,

"When we walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!"

TWILIGHT IS STEALING OVER THE SEA

1840	A. S. Kieffer	1904
1843	B. C. Unseld	1923

Of this popular little twilight song, Mr. Unseld, the composer of the music, has said:

"The story of how it was written is insignificant. The music was written simply as an easy exercise in dotted eighths and sixteenths for the singing school. Mr. Kieffer supplied the words and published the song in the *Musical Million*. It caught on and has been used in numberless publications. There are many little incidents connected with the song, for instance: A lady told me she could not get her baby to go to sleep until she had sung 'Twilight'! I consider that the greatest compliment of all."

USE OF HYMNS; TIME AND PLACE

A certain writer has said: "Many hymns are poetic inspirations of the purest kind, and always to pass them over, among the functions of worship, with mere reference to page and number, or the perfunctory reading of a few opening lines, is to sacrifice much of the impressiveness of the church service."

A well selected hymn, well read, helps most effectively to brighten the central truth of the service. But a hymn, though most beautiful, when inopportunely used, sends a current through a congregation that is sometimes embarrassing to both minister and people.

For instance: A young married minister, exchanging pulpits with a colleague, was entertained at the latter's home, and conducted to the house of worship by his colleague's charming daughter, whose name was Grace —a fact known to the congregation but not to the minister. Upon opening the services, the young man announced the hymn, and read these lines:

"'Twas grace divine that brought me here,
And grace shall lead me home."

It was a college chapel wedding. The room was filled with invited guests. Just as the wedding party was about to enter they were chagrined to hear an aged elder, who invariably took the opportunity of weaving in a hymn whenever possible, begin to lead the audience in singing,

"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe!"

It must have been peculiarly amusing to the new chorister when the minister said: "Please sing 'Nearer my God to Thee,' while the janitor pokes the fire."

"Brethren," said a man in a prayer-meeting, "so many sinners are dying every day that I have come to the conclusion that hell is full." He sat down when an aged deacon over in the amen corner immediately began singing the hymn, "There's a place reserved for you, a place reserved for you."

Years ago when the psalter was more used than the hymnal, a chorister wished to introduce a violin in his choir. He called upon the pastor and suggested an

improvement upon Watts' idea of the ninety-second Psalm, which is,

"Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

He suggested this:

"Oh may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The pastor, with suppressed laughter, said he believed he had a still better version. The chorister was delighted, until the minister gave this improvement:

"Oh may my heart go diddle-diddle,
Like Uncle David's sacred fiddle."

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR

Priscilla J. Owens
1838 William J. Kirkpatrick 1921

An evangelistic campaign is supposed to result in the bringing of souls to Christ. It is a rare thing, however, to hear of men and women being led to Christ as their personal Savior during the conduct of a singing school. But here is one instance of such an occurrence; and why might there not be many?

A school of music was being conducted in a village in Ohio. The theme of the sacred cantata which was to be given as a closing program was Jesus raising Lazarus from the dead. The leading tenor was a business man, of fine physical development, and had a

splendid singing voice, but he was not a Christian. The last rehearsal was most satisfactory. Unexpectedly, the members of the chorus choir were asked definitely to consecrate their voices to the One about whom they were singing so that they could sing the story in its fullness—just as He would have them to do. That night, the wife of the tenor, on going to their sleeping room, found her husband on his knees in prayer, for the same Master whose voice was heard calling, centuries ago, in little Bethany was calling to him.

A thrill of new life swept over the large audience, as he stood before the people and sang the beautiful resurrection story. The next Sunday evening he led the Young People's League and all eyes were turned on him as his voice, with its new-found richness, led theirs in singing

> "We have an anchor that keeps the soul
> Steadfast and sure while the billows roll."

William J. Kirkpatrick was born in Ireland February 27. When but a child he came with his parents to the States and located in Pennsylvania. Many of his compositions are world-wide favorites. Mr. Kirkpatrick died in the early dawn of September 29, while sitting in his chair in his home in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

A little piece of paper was picked from the floor, on which were written two verses of a hymn. Beneath the words of the first four lines Mr. Kirkpatrick had written "2 A. M." The second stanza undoubtedly was penciled sometime between then and four o'clock when he was found by Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

1820	Joseph Scriven	1886
1832	C. C. Converse	1918

"Fame is a scentless sunflower with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is a breathing rose with sweets in every fold."

There is so much trouble in the world that hymns of this class have a far reaching mission. "What a Friend we have in Jesus" keeps on singing and bringing comfort into the hearts of multitudes. The author was born in Dublin, Ireland. He received his education at Trinity College. In 1845 he came to Canada. On the eve of his wedding day the young lady to whom he was to be married was accidentally drowned. He was so deeply impressed with the vanity of earthly joys that he consecrated his life and means to the service of the Master.

Some time before his death, while ill, a neighbor was sitting up with him and happened upon a manuscript copy of the hymn, and read it with great interest. When Mr. Scriven was asked about the hymn he said he had written it for his mother. He had sent her a copy, to comfort her in some great sorrow, and had kept this copy for himself, not intending that any other person should see it. Some time later when asked whether it was true that he wrote the hymn, he replied: "The Lord and I did it between us."

One afternoon Mr. Scriven was seen walking down the street, dressed as a plain working man and

carrying a sawhorse and a saw. A citizen, noticing that a friend recognized him, said: "Do you know that man? What is his name, and where does he live? I want some one to cut wood, and I find it difficult to find a sober man to do the work faithfully." "But you can't get that man," was the reply. "That is Mr. Scriven. He won't cut wood for you." "Why not?" said the gentleman. "Because you are able to pay for it. He only saws wood for widows and sick people."

"A friend in need, a friend indeed," is truly characteristic of Jesus. He is a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Three helpful thoughts involved in this hymn are: That man without Jesus can not be happy; God hears and answers prayer; Man's failure to realize the blessings that might be his is the result of his neglect to ask God according to the promptings of the Spirit.

The tune which has been its constant companion was written by C. C. Converse in 1868. Mr. Converse was born in Massachusetts, and was an attorney at law and an accomplished musician.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

1805 Elizabeth King Mills 1829
1846 George C. Stebbins

Keyed to the beauty described in Revelation this young woman touched but once the harp strings of her life, and then she sang no more. Her oft-sung stanzas were written just a few weeks before her death. Mrs. Mills was the wife of the Honorable Thomas Mills, M. P., of London, England.

WHEN ALL REDEEMED SINGERS GET HOME

1860 J. B. Vaughan

Of this beautiful song of heavenly anticipation the author, Mr. Vaughan, of Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, says: "The thought was first brought about by my being at a large gathering where the singing and general feeling was of a most sacred and glorious nature. I could not get the impression off my mind concerning the great and glorious day—the grand reunion it will be when we get up there together and take part in the unspeakable joys of the wonderful singing we will have there."

How exquisitely sweet must be the music that plays around the throne of God! How eagerly we await the time when we may sing over there in the auditorium of the city celestial! How we long to mingle our voices with the voices of the choirs eternal in crowning Him King of kings and Lord of lords!

WHEN HE COMETH

1823	William O. Cushing	1902
1820	George F. Root	1895

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Prompted by the above quotation from Malachi, Mr. Cushing wrote this delightful Sunday-school favorite, in 1856. Dr. Root, whose name is conspicuous in the

list of American composers, chose to select and arrange the tune of an old time ditty for the Precious Jewel song—a song that is dear to people of all ages—from tiny tot to silvery-haired grandfather.

A prize fighter, who had been brought to the hospital bruised almost to death, was at last restored to consciousness. Soon after he heard a mother and child talking to the sick father behind the screen that separated him from the next bed, where a man seemed to be dying. "I am going to a beautiful country," he said, "but I should like to have you sing to me again, Marjorie, before I go." And so Marjorie sang:

"When He cometh, when He cometh to make up His jewels,
They shall shine in their beauty, bright gems for His crown."

After the visitors went away, Jim, the prize fighter, said to his neighbor, Robinson, "What did that song mean that your gal was singing, 'When He cometh'? Who is 'He'?" "He is the Lord Jesus who died to save you and me," said Robinson. "His jewels are those who trust Him, those whom He saves from sin." "I never heard tell of Him before," said Jim. But Robinson told him the story of Jesus so effectively that he found the Christ. Marjorie often sang to them both, and the favorite was always, "When He Cometh." Both men recovered. Jim learned to read and then to speak for Christ upon the streets, and he too won "gems for His crown," the best gems a Christian can ever bring to Jesus our King.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

1674	Isaac Watts	1748
1792	Lowell Mason	1872

"On his lyre with its many chords Dr. Watts strikes his highest note in this, his crucifixion hymn," which is universally conceded to be one of the greatest hymns in the English language, and considered by many to be his "very finest." It was inspired by Galatians 6:14, and was intended by Dr. Watts to be used for communion service.

Many tunes have been furnished for this hymn which so dramatically pictures the contrast of Calvary's sacrificial scene and humanity's attempt at self-effacement, but "Hamburg," a Gregorian, or plain song by Dr. Mason is probably as well fitted as any. Dr. Mason was the pioneer in teaching music in the public schools in this country, and was the first person in America who received the degree of Doctor of Music.

There is this story told of an English minister, who, after hearing his congregation sing this hymn, said: "I am surprised to hear you sing that. In all, beloved, you have put but fifteen shillings into the bag this morning."

A look at the cross, where hangs the "Prince of Glory," and where from head, hands and feet, "Sorrow and love flow mingled down," pictures the Christ in His supreme sacrifice. Anything that man possesses or can do sinks into insignificance when compared with

the love and sacrifice here portrayed. When man comes to realize his own nothingness and lost condition, he is eager to give his all.

WHEN MARSHALED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN

1785 Henry Kirke White 1806

It is said that this splendid hymn is a picture of the poet's progress from skepticism to the Christian religion. Mr. White's father was a butcher, but the son was a poet of unique style, and a hymnist whose piety and talent were heartily welcomed by the churches. Among other hymns he wrote is " In Perils Oft, " which has been changed by different writers, so that we do not have it now as originally given by the boy-poet when he wrote it on the back of a mathematical paper. This gifted young man died while pursuing his course of study in Cambridge University.

As to tunes, there never has been a more pleasing melody associated with this hymn than the lovely old Scotch favorite of " Bonny Doon, " probably written in the year 1753. This melody when played on organ or piano, calls for the use of " black keys " only.

WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

1850 Frank M. North

Dr. North was asked to write a missionary hymn for a certain Church Hymnal. He was not sure that he could write anything that would come up to the

proper standard for this book, but while thinking about it there came to his mind some thoughts he had given in a sermon he had preached shortly before, on Matthew 22:9, when he spoke of the appealing challenge made by the crowds of people thronging the streets of New York and those of European cities which he had visited. Thus there was formed in his mind the first line of the hymn,

"Where cross the crowded ways of life,"

and as he thought of Christ healing the young man after returning from the Mount of Transfiguration, there came the lines,

"O Master, from the mountain side
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain."

This hymn was first published in 1903.

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

1826 Robert Lowry 1899

A young civil engineer, who assisted his father in his business of railroad prospecting and surveying, had contracted intemperate habits. His work threw him into the society of loose men more than his father knew. Once while the young man was employed near home it became necessary to be out of employment for a few days. His father would be detained till Saturday, reaching home for the choir rehearsal, but the son returned at once and went to a liquor saloon to commence a three days' "spree." The saloon-keeper un-

derstood the case, and kept him in his own apartments. Trouble began when the father returned, asking, "Where is Harry?" The startled mother knew then that her boy was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was to sing a solo, and by special request—because she sang it so well—her selection was to be the hymn, "Where is my wandering boy?" It seemed to her impossible to sing under the circumstances; and when Harry was found by a policeman, the certainty was no more comforting than the suspense had been. However, she controlled her grief as well as she could, and decided to sing.

When the bells rang for evening service, Harry began to come to himself and announced his determination to go to church. He knew nothing of the program. He was still in his working clothes, but no reasoning could dissuade him; and his attendant, after making him as presentable as possible, went with him to the service. They entered by a side door and found seats in a corner near the organ. The time for the solo came. It was perhaps the first time in that church that a mother had ever sung out of her own soul's distress:

"Oh, where is my wandering boy,
The child of my love and care?"

The great audience caught the feeling of the song, but there was one heart as near to breaking as her own. That he was present she had no knowledge. She had sung the last stanza,

"Go for my wand'ring boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.
Oh, **where** is my wand'ring boy?"

when a young man in a woolen shirt and corduroy trousers and jacket made his way to the choir stairs with outstretched arms, and sobbing like a child, exclaimed: "Here I am, mother!"

The weeping mother hastened down the steps and folded him in her arms. The astonished organist, quick to take in the meaning of the scene, began playing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The congregation, with their hundreds of voices, joined in the great doxology, while the father, the pastor and the friends of the returned prodigal stood by him with moist eyes and welcoming hands. The wayward boy ended his wanderings then and there. That moment was a consecration, and the beginning of a life of sobriety and Christian usefulness.—*Selected.*

WHERE THE GATES SWING OUTWARD NEVER

1856 Charles H. Gabriel

On his Rainbow Record,[1] Homer A. Rodeheaver gives the following history of "Where the Gates Swing Outward Never," written by Dr. Gabriel, whose name is found wherever gospel songs are known: "Charles

1 No. 1021.

Gabriel, Junior, was one of the American boys who went to France. His father went to New York to see him off. Just before he started to the transport, father and son put their arms around each other to say good-bye. The boy said: 'Dad, take my love to mother, and if I never see you again here, I'll meet you where the gates never swing out.'

"The father came home with this message of love to the mother, and then went to that little room where so many wonderful songs have been born, and wrote for us this song."

YE SERVANTS OF GOD

1708	Charles Wesley	1788
1732	Joseph Franz Haydn	1809

Many of the hymns of Wesley were inspired by experiences of personal peril; for when John and Charles Wesley "took up the standard of evangelism, preaching the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ," they were ofttimes assaulted, mobbed and persecuted. This hymn, published in 1744, is entitled, "To be sung in time of tumult."

The last years of the great "hymnologist of the Cross" were spent quietly with his family, in a beautiful London home generously placed at his disposal by Lady Manners. He died March 29—died as he had lived—with "firm confidence in God and in that Savior" whose praise and pardoning grace he so devotedly had sung.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

1834 H. R. Palmer 1907

"This song," said Dr. Palmer, "was an inspiration. I was at work on the dry subject of 'Theory' when the complete idea flashed upon me, and I laid aside the theoretical work and hurriedly wrote both words and music as fast as I could. I am reverently thankful it has been a power for good."

This story of the little white shoes, told by a Philadelphia minister, is an illustration of yielding to temptation: "We had in our city a man who was secretary and treasurer in one of our great institutions. I suppose there is scarcely a man in the city that would equal him as a financier. Certainly not one who could surpass him. He was a college graduate, and had all the fine instincts of a gentleman. But strong drink claimed him as its victim. He drank and drank until he had to move into a very humble home.

"When his baby died, they had no clothing to put on the little one, so we furnished the clothes, and got some white kid shoes and slipped them on the little icy feet. An old-time friend said: 'Get the father and bring him in. Maybe if he sees the baby he will come back to himself.' The father stood by the casket for a moment, and looked into the sweet face of his child, and began to shake with great emotion. The tears just ran down his cheeks. The friends went out and left him alone with his babe. What did he do? He took off from those little cold feet the white kid shoes and

crammed them in his pocket. When I took the baby to the grave the father was insensible from drink. He had pawned the little white kid shoes and spent the money for booze."

YOUR MISSION

1835 Ellen Huntington Gates 1920
1827 Sidney Martin Grannis

Mrs. Gates, in speaking of her writing this deservedly popular poem says, "It wrote itself." It was in a moment of revery, while looking through the window at the falling snow, in the winter of 1861-2, that the words came to her:

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet.

. . . .

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true."

"It was during the dark days of the Civil War that Philip Phillips, then a young man with a remarkably rich voice, was invited to sing in the Senate Chamber at Washington, D. C. His selection was 'Your Mission.' The song was very appropriate for the occasion, and his splendid interpretation of it roused the meeting into great enthusiasm. Sitting near the singer was President Lincoln. Deeply touched was his great heart. Quickly he wrote the following words, which he handed to the chairman: 'Near the close let us have "Your Mission" repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it. A. Lincoln.'

"The meeting was a memorable one. The public press did much to herald the incident throughout the country, and soon the world became interested in the wonderful power there is in an appropriate song well sung by a consecrated voice. Thus it was that Philip Phillips began his pilgrimage of sacred song; and became the pioneer of sacred solo singing in this, and other lands. Shortly before his death he made a tour of the world. His funeral was held at Fredonia, New York. His favorite song, 'The Home of the Soul,' was sung by the beloved gospel singer, Ira D. Sankey."

While Phillips was not a hymn writer, he was a prolific composer and compiler. In his world-wide song evangelism he held thousands of services throughout America, Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, Australia, Continental Europe, India, Egypt and Palestine. The receipts accruing from his services held for benevolent purposes alone amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars. His interpretation of gospel songs reflecting a deeply pious heart touched the hearts of his hearers everywhere. He was the first man to sing the gospel around the world.

Philip Phillips was born in Jamestown, New York, Aug. 13, 1834, and died at Delaware, Ohio, June 25, 1875.

Mr. Grannis wrote the tune, "Your Mission," at New Haven, Connecticut, in 1864.

ZION

Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

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